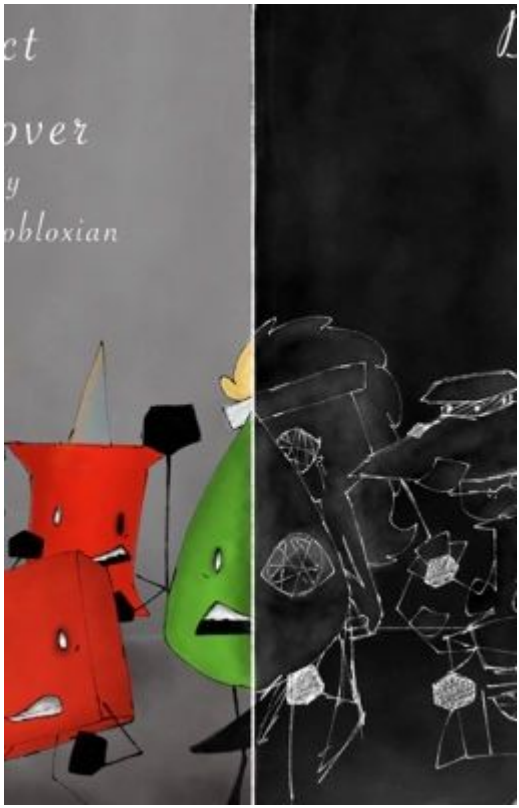
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Some Info

If you didn't read the description than I'm gonna remind you here, this book may contain Gore, Blood, Death, Swearing (obviously) and other things, if you are uncomfortable for any of the warnings, you can just leave here. I'm not sure if there will be any romantic relationships but I might slide some in or something. This book will have a dimensional crossover of object shows that you probably have watched before such as: Bfb, Tpot, One and III, I don't think I will add anymore but if I will than I will put an author's note of there is or it will be a possible surprise. If you don't feel comfortable with the warnings above, you can just leave right here right now, no one is stopping you, also it's cringe af. Read at your own risk (JK), enjoy!

Chapter 0: Their Arrival

The sun was shining brightly on the island, Teardrop is emerging from the bushes and heading towards the beach area, Leafy notices her and runs towards her.

Leafy: Hey TD! Welcome back!

Teardrop: *No response**

Leafy: We have been looking for you, where did you went?

Teardrop: *No response but starting to look a bit...anxious?**

Leafy doesn't see the reason why she looked a bit anxious but quickly brushes it off and pulls Teardrop with her while chatting about what has been going on since the season ended, Teardrop only responded in a few nods and shrugs but she doesn't seem bothered or annoyed either way.

Rustling and voices are heard in the small forest at the corner of the island, some mumbling and shadows were appearing.

Leafy: Huh? What was that noise?

Teardrop: *Shrugging**

Something jumped out of the bushes and fell on the ground, it was Flower. Gelatin and some others arrived at the forest entrance.

Gelatin: *Running** Hey Flower! Are you okay?

Flower: I-I don't know! There is something in the forest!

The rustling and the voices were getting louder, a figure pops out of the bushes and looks at the objects, eyes wide open.

???: Oh. My. God.

More of the figures start appearing. They are admiring the sunset, but more importantly, the objects.

Blocky: Um, why are they looking at us like that?

Firey: Maybe they are visitors! Hey guys, what's up?

Flower: I don't think they came here to visit.

The figures continue to stare at them, before pulling something out, it seemed to be a small needle. Woody notices, he started thinking about the possibilities of what they could be doing with a needle, until he realises and starts to worry.

Woody: I have a bad feeling about this....

Blocky looks at him with the 'what is it?' Face, he tries explaining when suddenly one of the figures launched towards them, Woody tried to pull him away but the figure was stronger than him and Blocky was taken away.

Leafy: AAH- RUN!

Everyone immediately went into panic mode and started running for their lives, screaming for help of the hosts, but they never came. Fortunately, some of the objects were able to avoid them and hid away in the bushes, while the rest were taken away mercilessly and dragged into the depths of the forest.

Four: *Yelling** Hey! Where is everyone?!

Gelatin: Four! Everyone was taken away by some weird things! What are we gonna do?!

Four: Alright, you people are gonna have to find them before they ran away!

Profiley: And if we don't?

Four turns to Profiley and gives him the death stare for the dumb question, and almost went at him to screech in his face but X looks at him angrily and he was able to hold his anger back.

Four: Than you will never see your dear friends again! Now what are you waiting for? Go!

Meanwhile, in a grey room, Leafy lay still on the hard, cold floor. She groans and gradually sits up with a terrible headache. Looking around, she realised that she was in a unfamiliar room with only a metal door at the corner and a rectangular mirror at the side of the room, the floor seemed to be a light grey while the wall is a bit darker, the room was only being brightened by the two large lights that are installed on the ceiling, it seemed a bit comfortable except the fact that she had to sleep on the floor.

Leafy recovered from her headache and stood up, trying to remember what happened and how did she get here. Oh wait, she was grabbed, injected with a weird liquid, passed out, kidnapped- locked in a room with people that came here before her, Great. She notices a grey bracelet around her wrist and had a red circle in the middle, the number '52' was written in a black ink clearly and neatly.

Teardrop was a distance away from her, she walked slowly towards her, she shakes her body a bit, immediately Teardrop wakes up and sits up quickly with a blank expression.

Leafy: Woah, you woke up quite fast.

Teardrop: *No response**

Footsteps are heard behind Leafy

???: Hey, uh- are you two okay?

A object was above both of them, the object was pretty tall, they had a hole at their bottom, there was a metal rear around their head and bristles were protruding out of it, seemed to be a paintbrush of some sort.

Leafy: We have been doing fine! Uh- do you have any idea where we are?

???: No, not really... but yesterday, my friend suspected that we are in a lab but doesn't really know why. Anyways, what's your name?

Leafy was unsure, could they trust a complete stranger who they have just met two minutes ago? It didn't look like she had a choice, everyone was

asleep and it looked like they are gonna be here for a while, might as well get to know other objects.

Leafy: My name is Leafy! This is Teardrop, she doesn't really speak...

???: Oh, that's a bit sad, I'm Paintbrush.

Leafy notices a purple lit candle and a salmon red balloon at the corner of the room, they were chattering something that she couldn't hear. Paintbrush sits with both of them, as if they were already their friends, Leafy feels a bit happy but scared at the same time, she is trapped in a large room but she meets a new object that she doesn't know of and almost immediately accepts them as a friend. It did sounded a bit weird, but she is fine with it.

Leafy: How did you get here?

Paintbrush: Oh, well some people came to our island and took some of us here, it been a few days I think and so far they haven't done anything much to us, only taking a blood sample, we aren't really sure what their intentions are but it might be something about a war.

Leafy: How do you know?

Paintbrush: One of my friends, Candle, can read auras, when we were brought here, she was able to read the auras of some of the people who dragged us here, she said it was something about a war that's gonna happened and it's involving objects like us in it.

Leafy: Huh, weird.

Leafy noticed some objects waking up, Paintbrush notices and gets up.

Paintbrush: Well, I better get going, I think it's best to wake them up and check on everyone, see if they are doing alright. Anyways, see you later the both of you.

Both of them waves goodbye, while Teardrop is just sitting there with nothing to do except stare at the grey floor with no emotion.

Leafy decided to approach some objects that were sitting at the corner of the room, she stood beside a candle and sat down, the candle notices her

and turned around a bit to face her.

???: Oh, hello dear, may I ask why are you here?

Leafy: Well I'm just kinda bored so I thought why not talking to other people?

???: Okay than, your Leafy right?

Leafy: Oh!-yeah, how do you know?

???: I can read your aura, you have a tendency to get mad easily, hm?

Leafy sits there anxiously, she isn't like that right? Maybe this is the person Paintbrush was talking about, maybe the other one's name is balloon.

Leafy: Y-yeah I guess so...

???: Don't worry dear, I can help you relax a bit, if it's alright with you?

Leafy: Sure.

Candle did some meditation practices with Leafy and gave her some tips on what she could do to calm herself down. After that, all three of them were talking to each other for a while before saying goodbye.

Leafy is alone again, the light did dimmed though, a clicking sound was heard from the glass shield at the front of the room, someone was there, suddenly a voice blared out of the speakers.

Speaker: ***Hello Subjects! This is your main speaker here and this is your first night in the room, make sure to prepare yourself by two days time. Tomorrow we will be doing some blood samples, goodnight.***

The speaker turned off immediately, everyone in the room was a bit confused but went to some random spots and lay on that area, trying to go to sleep. Blocky can't seem to do so, instead he started to daydream as if he was sleeping to pass the time which would last for hours until morning.

Leafy lays on the ground and stares into the tall ceiling, unsure if she could even sleep herself but doesn't worry because the time will come eventually, her eyes felt heavy and she dozed off to sleep.

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1465 words.

Next update on:
21 December 2022

Chapter 1: Headache

Vomit warning!

The room is quiet, everyone is asleep. A person clicked on the microphone and pressed the alarm at the side, soon the silence will be interrupted and filled with a loud alarm.

Alarm: *Blaring**

The room was filled with tired groans, it seemed that everyone didn't sleep well as they had to sleep on the hard, cold floor. Leafy had the terrible headache, this time it was even worst, she placed her hand on her forehead and held it there tightly. The microphone turned on.

Speaker: ***Subject 34, come to the experiment room now, just follow our staff outside, thank you.***

Everyone looked at their wrists that had the grey bracelet. Teardrop looks at hers, looks like she is subject 34. Without hesitation, she stood up, walked towards the metal door and waited for it to open. The moment it opened, she followed the staff down the hallway of the lab before the door closed immediately.

Blocky stares into his other wrist that was empty, he feels weird, his wrist felt numb and his headache felt like he was carrying a hammer on his head, he never had a headache that hit this hard before, something is wrong. Blocky's vision was starting to turn more blurry by the seconds and everything was shaking a lot, he starts feeling his anxiety rising and felt extremely exhausted.

Blocky's *POV: Maybe one nap will be fine.*

He thought about staying awake, but he was more tired than ever and his head was screaming at him to sleep. After a while, he suddenly collapsed onto the floor. The last thing he heard after falling was someone calling

him.

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???: Are you okay?

???: Hello? Wake up.

*Mumbling**

???: Ahem... WAKE UP!

Blocky woke up and yelped, he still had the headache but it was better in the least. A grey coin was standing over him, he seemed short, the other one was a salmon red balloon, he was slightly taller than the coin.

He tries to stand up but doesn't have the strength to do it, and he falls on the floor.

Pin: I don't think you should do that...

Blocky looked at Pin for a moment before realizing her, she was from Tpot.

Blocky: Wha- Pin?!

Pin: What? You didn't expected me to be here? As I suspected it.

Blocky doesn't understand why she acted a bit different than before, he also noticed that he wasn't in his original spot before he slept. I'm fact, he was far away from his previous spot.

Paintbrush: Well, if you were gonna ask why she is acting like this, it's because a scientist brought her to the experiment room and did something to her.

Firey: Yeah, also you were acting strange while you were sleeping. It was kinda cool though!

???: I don't think that is something to be happy about...

Why is everyone acting so weird? He doesn't know, the only thing he knows is that he is with Tpot contestants, which were considered worst enemies because they abandoned Four's show and joined someone that they met only five minutes ago to have a chance on winning Two's stupid powers, what would they even do with it after winning? Move forests? That's just lame and dumb. Who would want to move a forest? What would even be the reason? Blocky realized that everyone was chatting with each other, they were chatting about the weird things that their 'friends' were doing.

Blocky: Ugh...I feel sick...

Blocky feels something coming up in his throat, before throwing it all out on the floor, he stares into it, a light faded purple with green, it looks disgusting, it was leaking out through the small openings in between his teeth. Pin just screams and falls on the floor.

Silver notices and gags, who wouldn't?

Silver: Ew! That's disgusting! How atrocious!

Nickel cringes at the sight. It looked like something that just came out of a horror movie, it was glowing black, it was mostly faded purple but still had green in it. He backs away from it.

Nickel: Ugh...gross.

Pin, who was still on the floor, went completely unconscious by the sight, but no one can blame her, they also want to go unconscious instead of looking at something that was absolutely gross and disgusting. It was the worst thing anyone has saw so far. Blocky was on the floor nauseously, before passing out again.

Leafy: I don't think we should disturb him now, he seems...very sick...

Balloon: Agreed.

Soon, everyone backed away from Blocky until they were far away enough to talk again. Teardrop was staring at him, Leafy notices.

Leafy: TD, we should go now...

Leafy said, while grabbing her by the wrist and pulling her slowly to a corner of the room. Teardrop was a bit upset but she was still somewhat mostly emotionless. Suddenly, the speakers where blaring someone's voice again.

Speaker: ***Hello Subjects! We know what has happened just a while ago and we will be cleaning up the mess in a short while, we will also bring him to the medical room for his safety, bye!***

The speaker was a bit weird, the voice kept changing and now it was a enthusiastic and happy voice, the speaker sounded much more friendly and kinder than the previous speakers but than again, they are all in a suspicious and a possibly dangerous place, they were kidnapped anyways, they all know that they must stay ever vigilant and serious on everything that will happen no matter what it is.

The door opens, revealing two people with masks and they had gloves, transparent goggles and cleaning equipment on them and they were rushing to the mess, one was picking up some of the disgusting vomit on the floor and carefully dripping it into a test tube, while the other was dragging Blocky out of the way, once the person filled up the test tube, he closed it up with a cork and grabbed the mop to begin cleaning the mess up, the other joined him, in just a few minutes later, the floor was almost spotless but they left it like that for some reason.

Candle stares into the tall ceiling, but she wasn't staring at an empty ceiling, she was finding a way to get out through the large lights, the large lights must have an opening to a hole that had a entire system of wires and electrical circuits, and they might be able to find a escape hole after digging through it. She thought about it, but than again, it was dangerous to get through all of that, they could get electrocuted, fried, and die from the electricity if they were not careful, they were gonna need someone who can't be electrocuted. But who could that be? Definitely not her obviously.

The lights dimmed again, signaling it was night time. Leafy looked up, she didn't know it was gonna turn night that fast, guess that's how fast time can pass. She lay on the floor again, she is more tired than ever, yet she fails to sleep, is that even possible? Not being able to sleep despite of being tired? No, it doesn't sound right. She turns on one of her sides, and than

the other, and it kept going on like a loop until she could find a comfortable position, but she never found it, since her planned failed, she forcefully closes her eyes shut, she didn't know why she didn't thought of that in the first place but it didn't matter, what matters now is that she has to get the most amount of sleep possible because the next day, that headache is going to punch her skull and she has to survive on the entire day and than again and on and on. Leafy finally felt her eyelids closing and she went to sleep peacefully.

Teardrop, on the other hand, could not sleep though, it was understandable as she didn't had any headache or felt very exhausted, she stood up from the floor and walked around the room with a slight smile on her face, she imagined herself flying as a airplane and moving around in the air, her legs was what was making her fly in the air and her arms acted like the wings of the airplane, she thought of herself driving a airplane and soaring in the sky, maybe one day she could experience it herself. After a few laps around the large room, she lay on the floor and was able to sleep quite easily while holding her hands on herself to help with the cold in the room, she drifted off to sleep afterwards.

1455 words

Next update:
26 December 2022

Chapter 2: More Than One?

(Note: the objects that are in the show called "ONE" were in episode 18 after Backpack breaks his leg but Airy hasn't died yet. Also Liam is brainwashed of Airy's appearance and maybe even his voice.)

It was early morning but everyone assumed it was late afternoon, it was not like they could check or anything, they were all isolated in a room anyways, it didn't look like they will be getting out anytime soon.

It was at the crack of dawn when the alarm went off, Leafy's headache got even more worse than ever, and it will probably go on for the rest of the days if there was any more left, it was either because of the floor or a scientist did something to her while taking her blood sample, maybe injected a unknown liquid into her system which spreader throughout her body while she was sleeping? Can't be, than she would've gone crazy, just like Blocky and Pin, or is she being driven into insanity and it will take over her completely in a matter of time? She didn't want to think anymore, it was making her head hurt more than it already is.

The metal door opened and there was something at the door's entrance, instead of a person, it was an object, not just any object of course, one that was alive and taken away from its life, one of them was made of glass and the insides were between dark and light blue, while another was a green....lunchbox? Wait no, scratch that, it's a backpack. They were six of them, all of them are unconscious, there were some people dragged them into the room by their limbs, once they dragged them deep enough into the room, they left and closed the door.

Teardrop stared at a particular object, seemed to be a grey rock or stone, seeing that it doesn't have a mouth made her smile a bit, knowing that she isn't the only one that can't speak. She tapped it by it's side, before it woke up, it seemed a bit anxious, she can't tell, it started doing some weird hand signs, she recognized the language and tried making some.

???: ***[I know everything that will, when and have happened.]***

Teardrop: ***[Whats happening? My friends don't know sign language.]***

???: ***[Im not absolutely sure, but they are planning to do something to us, something bad.]***

Teardrop did not understand a bit, her sign language was a bit bad, but she was able to get the main idea in the least. She tries to do another sign with her hands again.

Teardrop: ***[How can I trust you?]***

???: ***[I don't know how I can get you to trust me but I can try.]***

It started thinking of something, before choosing one thing that he knew happened which was before he came to the room.

???: ***[Candle is planning a way to escape, she can read people's auras and practices meditating with Leafy.]***

Candle is looking at the large lights. Teardrop didn't thought much of that as planning, but she is planning to escape through there somehow.

???: ***[You might be thinking that she is planning to get through the large lights to make a escape.]***

Teardrop couldn't help but feel a bit surprised, she thought it was joking, no it was serious. It even knows the names of all the people in the room, Leafy was indeed practicing meditating with Candle. She feels a somewhat form of comfort, knowing that she isn't the only one that can't talk made her feel better, she was born with no vocal cords and the object didn't had a mouth. Teardrop thought about asking it how it knew but didn't know the signs for asking very well and didn't wanted him to get a wrong translation, her sign language was a bit bad anyways. They both kinda just sat beside each other and stare into the floor or the wall.

Teardrop did noticed the people who were dragged in earlier, started waking up, of course Leafy and Paintbrush are waking them up, she stared at one of them, specifically a forest green backpack, one of it's legs looked a bit deformed and broken, it is bandaged up but there is no blood, maybe it broke it's leg? It was having a difficulty standing up despite all of Leafy's attempts of trying to get it to stand up, Leafy decided to leave it there and let it rest it's leg before trying again later.

In the meantime, Leafy walked towards what seemed to be a dulled copper lantern, the left side of it's glass head was broken, it only had one eye, Leafy kicked it lightly at it's side. It did woke up but was slow in words and was unclear with it, it also had a monotone voice, it barely spoke to Leafy and sat up while bringing out something that seemed a bit broken and started looking into it.

???: ***[Im Stone, if your wondering. Don't introduce yourself, I already know who you are.]***

Teardrop nodded, even though she actually didn't understand the last part but she understood most of it. The doors open again, someone pushed Blocky back into the room and closed the door. Blocky lay limp on the floor, still looking a bit sick but at least, better.

The people must have prescribed him medicine, he was holding a bottle of pills, the label was unreadable at this point, as everyone was too tired to read anything, in addition, they also have headaches, mainly because of the floor.

After taking some blood samples, it was finally the end of the day, the time that everyone was looking forward to, where they would finally get some actual rest for the day. The lights dimmed normally, as usual the objects would go to random areas of the room and just sleep there for the rest of the night. Leafy couldn't sleep again, she wasn't tired or just cannot sleep, she was bored instead and there wasn't exactly anything to do in the room that has basically nothing, she decides to explore the room more adventurously for fun.

After going through some of the objects sleeping bodies, Leafy arrived at the side of the room, while she was exploring, she found something, it wasn't just anything, it was herself but more.....different(?). Her reflection had the same body, colour and everything, but the eyes were very different, instead of her normal eyes, both of her eyes were different, one was a half spiral and the other is a bunch of lines, it made her gasped, she yelped and fell down, landing on somebody, it was a mold-y piece of bread, it was half-blind and it did not look happy.

???: Aagh!

The mold-y bread woke up, it seemed to be bit angry and annoyed, Leafy

got scared again and quickly crawled away from it.

Leafy: Oh my!-Im sorry!

???: Ugh...Don't worry, it's okay, I'm fine.

The piece of mold-y bread turns away from Leafy and lays back down on the floor, trying to go back to sleep again. Leafy squirmed back to her corner and forced herself to sleep, she eventually did got more tired and almost immediately go to sleep.

Leafy felt the environment change around her, it felt cooling and comfortable, there were white clouds below where she is, she is in in the sky? Leafy didn't know how to react, she looked around and she was the only one there, she doesn't know what's below the clouds, it's silent. Leafy traveled around cautiously, she eventually realised that there was no end of walking, the clouds reached out limitlessly. She sits down on the floor made of clouds, looks she is just dreaming, talking to herself is fine now since no one was there.

Leafy has always wanted to talk with someone about her things, but since she doesn't want to become a burden for them, she stays quiet, maybe one day she would tell, it was not clear, she hasn't made a decision yet. Leafy kept on talking about this for a while before switching topics and thinking about other characters.

Leafy: I think Paintbrush is really nice, and so are their friends, but since I only met them in the first few minutes, how can I really trust them?

Leafy continue talking to herself without much thought. After she was done, she stood up from the cloudy floor, since she was gonna wake up soon, might as well think of something before she leaves, it was something she hoped on.

'Maybe tomorrow will be better.'

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1448 words
Next update:
31 December 2022

(Also Merry Christmas!)

Chapter 3: Half-Blind

Gore warning!

It's morning again, but the alarm hasn't set off yet, the metal door opened, someone steps into the room, seeing that all objects are asleep, he grabs one of them by it's wrist and quickly left without checking who it is.

When he arrived at the experiment room, the soda bottle woke up by the lighting. The person starting looking at it's body, measuring the height and width. He injected the soda bottle by it's shoulder, causing its eyes to dilate, before falling unconscious, he placed it on the table top.

Grabbing a pair of tweezers, he picked out one of it's eyes, it's left one, and started pulling it out, obviously the soda bottle couldn't feel much, but still felt a small sharp pain in it's left eye, after ripping out the last strings of flesh and veins, he placed the tweezers with the blood covered eye on a metal plate with no remorse at all.

The person wrapped it's left eye with bandages without disinfecting it, blood heavily drip down it's face and stained the once white bandage to a dark red. After bandaging, he pulled the soda bottle by it's arm and dragged it through the small hallway that lead to the containment room and threw it in.

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Alarm: *blaring**

The alarm rang later than usual, but the objects didn't notice, if they don't know what day it is than they won't know what time it is either, Remote was sitting on the ground while some others were walking around daily,

they don't know when they will be coming out, but some of them have adapted to the environment already while the rest are new and unfamiliar.

Remote was one of them, and she has yet to explore the room, she was showing little interest of the environment, instead she was focusing on something else, her friends of course, only two of them were here, Lightning and Fanny, they were arguing as usual, it was normally a daily thing that they would do, it eventually didn't really bothered her anymore.

Her eyes were stuck on a soda bottle, it hasn't woken up and there seems to have something tied to it's head, it looked a bit red. Remote eventually got curious, she got up and walked towards the bottle's limp body, while on the way she sees a rock...stone thing, it didn't had a mouth, it was doing small hand signs with Teardrop, she doesn't know why, she doesn't want to get distracted any further and quickly approaches the soda bottle.

Remote placed her hands on it's side and starts shaking it's body lightly, no response. She starts worrying, Remote continued to shake it, but no matter how many times she shook, it never woke up.

Remote: Uh, guys? Something is wrong with this person...

Pin: Wha- How rude of you to say something like that! You should feel ashamed!

Almost everyone face Pin the death stare, but she doesn't notices. Some objects came in to check what's going on, a blue candle kicked it lightly and shake the body a bit. She doesn't know why was it acting like this but starts worrying a bit, she continued to shake it but got more worried and panics a bit, she tries yelling into it's ears, hoping that it would wake it up.

???: Wake up! Hello? Soda Bottle?

Remote heard the name clearly, Soda Bottle huh? A bit weird but seems logical. The blue candle eventually turned his body towards her, the moment she saw his face, she panicked a lot, her heart thumping in her chest. The eye of Soda Bottle opened, and he sat up, confused on why was everyone staring at him, they even looked scared and shocked, he didn't understand, he realised that he couldn't open his left eye for some reason. In fact, he couldn't feel it at all, it was as if there was a empty hole in his left eye, he raised his hand to his face and felt the bandage, Soda Bottle

thought about it before realising what it was.

He broke out into a cold sweat, his breathing started becoming more heavier and louder, he could feel the tears streaming down his face, the left side of his face had tears and blood running down, his whimpering became into quiet sobs, the blue candle went in for a hug while trying to calm him down but she was failing, how could he calm down after loosing an eye?

The green backpack noticed and also tried approaching Soda Bottle but accidentally fell down in pain, his leg was breaking him, instead he crawled over to the right side of Soda Bottle and hugged him, even trying to shush him.

Backpack: Shhhh....it's fine, you will be fine.....

Soda Bottle: I-I-

Soda Bottle starting stammering, Liam looked at him a bit confused. He was looking down to his hands, turning them into fists, before letting go and putting his arms down.

Soda Bottle: W-w-why me.....?

Backpack: Shhhh.....it will be okay, I'm here.....

Soda Bottle continues sobbing despite all of Backpack's attempts at shushing him. Soda Bottle hugged them tighter, Backpack's fabric was so comfortable to hold. He eventually went to sleep in their arms peacefully. Unfortunately, not many objects know what blood is, only some do and does objects live lives like humans do, while the rest don't, they refer blood as 'red liquid' which is not very specific, many things that could possibly be red liquid.

Remote looked a bit worried but walks away, she wanted to forget about it, the thought of it was disgusting, imagine getting an eye pulled out while unconscious, wouldn't that be gross? The answer is and will always be yes. Remote went into the middle of the room and sat down, she stared into the rectangular mirror that was placed at the wall, maybe eventually she will forget, she is quite forgetful anyways. Remote indeed was right, after the first few minutes of stoning, she forgot everything.

After hours of sitting, the lights dimmed like normal, the people who were watching from the 'opaque' window must have heard them, if not than they would've taken the blood samples of the new subjects that arrived yesterday or at least speak through the speaker.

Remote lay on the floor on her side, everyone was doing about the same thing, she just followed with them. Remote fell asleep way faster than she thought, and maybe faster than everyone else somehow. After hours of sleeping, she heard the metal door opening, she opened her eyes slightly and saw a person in front of two objects who were sleeping which was close to her, it looked like a brown paintbrush but it has mold on it, the other was a silver spoon, the person took out a small needle and injected in into each of the object's shoulder, she thought that she should have done something but thought something bad is gonna happened, she watches as the person left the room and closed the door quietly.

Remote didn't know what to do, but dozed off to sleep again, seems like she didn't really bothered about it and just thought it was nothing. After another hour, she heard some objects groaning softly, the sounds suddenly got louder, it sounded like they were in pain. Remote opened her eyes and saw the same objects from earlier, they were tossing and turning continuously, it got louder but it kinda look like they were being teared apart, their body's were starting to tear up in half. It continued hearing the sounds of painful groaning and tearing flesh.

???: *Groaning** Wha.....? ARGH!?!?!! AHHHHH!!!!

The one of the objects starts screaming, but the other object didn't say anything, only groaning in extreme pain. Remote kept her mouth shut, she started feeling disturbed by the horrible screaming and turned away, she somehow fell asleep again despite all the loud sounds behind her, some objects heard the sounds and did woke up but due to almost no light in the room, they couldn't see what was going on, only Remote could see only a bit as she had small night vision.

Lightning woke up by the screaming, he opened his eyes but can barely see anything, he charges himself up with electricity to produce a small light, he floats towards the noise. He eventually found the objects(?) who were making the weird sounds, he slowly moved towards them.

Lightning: Uh, are you okay?

??????: *No response**

He starts worrying, Lightning didn't hold the light anymore, he shut it off and went back to his previous sleeping spot and lowers down until he lands on the ground, he quickly goes back to sleep, surely nothing bad will happened, right....?

[[[[[[[[[[[[[[[[[[[[[]]]]]]]]]]]]]]]]]]]]]

1488 words
Next update:
4 January 2023 (Edit: Earlier by one day due to school)

Say goodbye to this year :)
(School is already starting for me, expect slightly slower updates.)

Chapter 4: Stuck Together

Body horror(?)

The unreasonably early mornings, the annoyingly loud alarm, seemed like this was gonna happened every single day as long as they were here. Normally, everyone would wake up by someone's loud groaning and or most likely, the alarm. But this time, it's different.

Instead of groaning, it was someone screaming, not any kind of screaming, it was a scream of horror by Pin, who woke up beside them with Remote. Silver and brown small chunks of flesh were scattered all over the floor, the amounts of blood was overwhelming to the point that an object fainted, she fell on the floor and screamed loud enough to wake up the remaining objects who haven't. The room was filled with gasps, shock was covered on the faces of everyone.

Balloon: P-Paintbrush?! What the hell happened to you?!

??????: I-....rhhhh...

It couldn't speak properly, it only made weird sounds that were almost impossible to translate into actual English. It's body was deformed, it had silver and brown eyes. It was mostly in a brown colour, the rest was silver and kinda shiny, even half of it's bristles were covered in silver as well. They were slightly taller and had longer arms, it also seemed that their body became slightly slender than before.

??????: Agh-....ca-....

Candle: Oh my...

Candle covered her mouth in horror, she stumbled back. It was barely able to stand up straight, it's beady eyes stuck on the floor, it was unable to move properly and could only crawl for a bit before falling on the floor again. It stared in the floor, it's eyes were wide and shaking. Looking

down to it's trembling hands, it wasn't theirs, it was someone else's, it's touch was mildly cold and familiar, it was Silver's, oh god, he's not here, did they mutilated him and fused his hands into theirs? No, it can't be.

Speaker: ***Morning Subjec-***

The speaker came to a sudden stop, he was in complete shock, after a while, some mumbling was barely noticeable in the background, the speaker went on again.

Speaker: ***What happened here?***

Leafy: P-Paintbrush?

There was silence for a while, which was quite rare considering all the objects talking to each other, objects groaning or yawning, the speaker saying something that is always important as they are the ones who control the room, and of course, the alarm. It took a while before the spoke once more.

Speaker: ***Okay, our staff we be taking...it outside of the containment room, please stand back as they come in.***

The speaker turned off, the door opened and they had a remote controller in their hands. The moment 'Paintbrush' saw him coming, they froze as if they knew something was going wrong. One of the people launched towards them and grabbed their arm harsh-fully, instead of excepting their fate like what most people would do in such a situation, 'Paintbrush' decided to fight back at him, biting his arm with their sharp teeth, the person yelped and tried pulling him off his arm but it left traces of blood behind, their teeth dragged his blood across his entire arm, the man was panicking. A woman who was at the corner of the room pressed the red button, they sensed the electric shock almost instantly and screamed in pain, falling down onto the floor defeatedly.

The person pressed the button again, which switched off the grey bracelet that they were wearing on the wrist. They were weakened by it, the person grabbed it by it's arm again and dragged it out of the room silently, closing the door after leaving.

The room was filled with nothing but silence. Airy was in his little corner

with his mildly broken cassette player and tape which he was still in process of repairing, he stared at the door in horror and fear, his expression looked like he was emotionless but it was still shocked in some way. He quickly looks back at his cassette player, trying to pretend nothing happened and tried getting back to fixing it. Airy still looked at the metal door, but instead of a door, it was the gateways to eternal suffering, the place where one day they will all die, it was frightening but it didn't matter, it's either they all die or they get out of this hell hole. Obviously, Candle was already starting the plan to escape and that is already starting everything, there is no turning back.

Airy was planning not to speak at all, it will certainly get the attention of his contestants and he knew that they all hated him for what he has done. But for some reason, Liam hasn't said or done anything to him this entire time, he thought that the moment he saw him, he would charge towards him and shatter him with his bare hands into millions of unfixable glass pieces, but he hasn't. He didn't blame him though, now he knows what he has been doing to them and yet he barely shows any medical attention towards them. Liam was brainwashed of Airy's appearance by the side effects of the liquid that the people injected into them, if he were to ever look back at his memories that he had at Airy's mysterious world and with Airy himself, they will all be blurred up by a mysterious thick fog that was impossible to see through, it was for sure frustrating but he didn't gave up on it, he still tried anyways until he could clear the fog that was keeping him away from his answers.

Leafy quickly walked towards Candle, some people were still staring at the door and the rest were talking to each other to calm themselves down. Leafy came to Candle to do her daily meditation practices, it was mainly to get her anger issues done with, but for today it was to give herself an empty mind, she didn't know why she wanted to fill empty for a while, at least until the day ends. The fact that her headache was just hammering her skull, was a bit unsettling, it was as if her skull was cracking open by a twenty pound hammer which was the ridiculously terrible headache that she had since day one, probably from the stupid metal floor.

Candle: Sorry, I need a moment to recover from this...

Leafy: Same. How about we just talk for a bit?

Candle: Sure...

Leafy: So, how are you?

Candle: Bad, I have a feeling this will all end terribly. Plus, after the what happened to Paintbrush, I'm sure you and everyone else don't want to stay here any longer.

Leafy stared at her, she didn't know what to say, it was as if she was reading her and everyone's mind progressively, yet she is so calm about all the things she has been doing in the past thirteen years or so.

Leafy: .....

Candle: Well, how about you?

Leafy: Uh, I'm mostly fine, minus the heavy headache, it's pretty okay.

Candle: Oh good, want to start now?

Leafy: Yeah, sure!

She tried to keep the enthusiasm in her voice but was clearly struggling. Obviously, Candle did noticed her struggle, but continues to go by the normal practice meditating routine with her, which lasted an hour or so.

Meanwhile, in the so called laboratory, the people who were working there were rummaging through cabinets for the right files. One of them, had a name tag that spells the name 'Sherrie', was slowly looking through the files while trying to not get noticed. Sherrie was the one who went in that night, she had to, they were gonna inject the fluid into someone else in the containment room but their plans failed, they were gonna have to find the formula for the substance to recreate the same thing again. Too bad she also stole the files and hid them under her desk in a box under some other things she stored in there, it was an act of protecting another object in there. Sherrie only had one eye due to being in a close car incident that almost killed her, she had to wear an eyepatch to heal it up, and she was still wearing it.

???: Hey Sherrie! Have you seen the missing files? I can't find them.

A person quickly walks towards her.

Sherrie: Uh-no! Haven't seen them.

???: Oh, ok. Keep looking!

After hours of searching, they couldn't find anything or any traces of the missing files, they concluded that there was a traitor who stole them, if not than they were most likely destroyed or lost.

Pin stared at the high ceiling, her vision is blurred by the bright light above her. Pin's energy was quite lower despite all the sleep she has been having since she came in, it was not because of exhaustion, it was her empty stomach, they haven't been giving any of them food for the past few days, she felt the need to bite on something hard, instead of biting on food, she grinds on her teeth. They should've known that objects that are alive need to eat food but they thought they were just ordinary objects with no intestines or anything, just blood and bones.

The lights dimmed as usual, nothing interesting as this happens everyday, as long as they are here, everyday will practically be the same. Candle's meditation routine with Leafy have came to an end, Candle laid on the floor silently and relaxed herself. She eventually fell asleep.

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1595 words
Next update:
10 January 2023

Chapter 5: Excitment Issues

Mild blood warning

The subject was dragged into the room by a staff member, he let go of their shoulder and they fell on the floor. The person left the room without looking back, he closed the door shut.

He entered the security room and pressed the button to on the alarm, the silence will break the moment he presses it, without hesitation, he pressed the alarm and got ready to use the microphone which was beside the buttons.

Alarm: *blaring**

Everyone woke up to the alarm, not really surprised with it anymore, the only one who wasn't awake was 'Paintbrush' and he laid on the floor limp. Leafy noticed, she approached the body and shake it a bit.

Paintbrush(?): *No response**

Leafy went from shaking to kicking lightly, and eventually talking by his ears, despite all her efforts, they never moved. She starts panicking, what if they are dead? No it can't be, she is sure they wouldn't leave their body there if they were dead. They suddenly groaned a bit, before trying to stand up but fails.

She jumped a bit by the sudden movement, but felt relieved. 'Paintbrush' was able to stand up but was standing properly, it was good enough for Leafy though. They had their eyes locked onto her, shows some kind of shock, Leafy tries speaking.

Leafy: Hey Paintbrush? Are you okay?

Paintbrush(?): *No response**

They seemed unresponsive, but shook their head a bit, signaling that they were not okay. Leafy tries patting them on their soft bristles but they pushed her hand away from them somewhat politely. They tried walking but almost tripped on the floor, luckily Leafy was able to pulls them by their back shoulder. 'Paintbrush' turns around and notices Leafy trying to help them, she thought that they were gonna do something to her, but instead, they smiled.

Paintbrush(?): Oh, hi!

The silver paintbrush waved at her suddenly, she yelped and stumbled back but their sudden response. Their voice sounded beyond the same as the original Paintbrush, it was enthusiastic and a bit like their voice but mostly different, it was more high pitched and energetic than the normal voice.

Leafy: What the...-Uh, hi?

Paintbrush(?): Hello! *Shakes her hand violently*

Leafy: Agh! Ow!

Paintbrush(?): Oh, sorry about that!

They stop shaking and let go her hand, smiling widely. 'Paintbrush' awkwardly stood there, waiting impatiently for her response.

Leafy: W-what happened to your voice? You sound almost completely different.

Paintbrush(?): What do you mean? I have always sounded like this!

Leafy: B-but that's not how you sound like! You normally sound deeper and not so...enthusiastic?

Paintbrush(?): I don't get it!

They say mysteriously happy, Leafy seemed confused and worried. She looked at them closely, trying to figure out why they were acting this way, noticing both of their eyes have turned silver was extremely concerning, as if they were possessed by a dead person. 'Paintbrush' eventually walked away and sat down on the floor with a smile still plastered on their face.

Their happy face scares her.

While Leafy just stood there, shocked. She felt something inside, something bad, it was simply a bad feeling, and it's telling her that someone or something is coming, not coming for anyone or everyone but her, and her only. Leafy starts feeling afraid, the voice in her head sounded similar to her's, but it sounded like it was distorting, she felt like she should trust it but it doesn't seem right, it was obviously another bad feeling, which was kind of unsettling. Suddenly, a loud voice boomed throughout the room, interrupting her thoughts.

Speaker: ***Subject 52 and 47, follow our staff to the experiment room please, thank you.***

The only thing that was not annoying about the announcements that it has something that would play at the end of an announcement, a small short tune plays which indicated that the microphone turned off.

Everyone checked their wrists, checking if they were that subject. Leafy looked down at her wrist, looks like she is '52'. She felt something bad again, she felt that it was the end for her the moment she enters the experiment room. Third bad feeling of the day, great. She slowly walked towards the metal door, while also waiting for the other subject who is supposed to be '47'. It turned out to be Firey, who was at the far side looking at the mirror, seemed that he was made of metal, he must have eaten a berry from Leafy's emergency pile for when there was a giant monster such as the winning smile monster which was presumably invented by Golf Ball and made their world stop existing for a while, that came a few weeks ago, luckily they were able to recovered the world somehow with the recovery machine.

Firey walked towards the door and knocked with a small smile, it was going to be a first weird experience for the both of them. The metal door opens and they quickly walked through, Leafy had some hesitation about it but didn't wanted to get electrocuted in the wrist like 'Paintbrush'. Plus, she'd rather follow their instructions than violence. The last thing anyone saw them doing was walking down the weirdly long hallway before the door shut on them.

Teardrop stared at the mirror that was at the far side of the room, she feels something strange, as if she saw no one in the reflection, only herself

and no one else, the background was empty, but in reality they were all still there, talking, just not in the reflection. Teardrop peered a bit closer to the mirror, she could see something, a shadow appearing behind her, it was getting more noticeable by the second, she turned around, but no one was there, she turned back again but the shadow was waving at her, seems like it was trying to say hi? Teardrop raised her hand slightly and waved it a bit, the shadow smiled a bit and they disappeared. She should have felt at least a bit anxious, but she ignored it and walked away.

Hours flied by, but it felt like days, time pasted slower than ever. Objects were either talking or just daydreaming, not like there was much to do there. A moldy piece of bread was sitting with a blue scented candle, they were not chatting or anything, they were just staring at the wall together. Blocky was at another corner, swallowing a pill as instructed by the medical staff, he was to take a pill once a day according to the medical staff.

After swallowing the pill, he relaxes his arms on the cold metal floor and stares at something that wasn't there, a shadow figure, it had no mouth, only two glowing white eyes just stood there and nothing else, Blocky feels a bit uncomfortable but stays still, he is way too tired to react to practically everything. After Blocky fell asleep, the shadow moved a bit closer to him and leaned over, it eventually evaporated and disappeared into thin air.

Blocky felt himself floating, not floating, falling. It was as if the floor disappeared and everything is being pulled down into the abyss below, he didn't wake up though, he didn't freak out or anything, he let it happen, if he dies than Four can revive him right? He had to. Blocky suddenly felt the floor again, it was wet with water, he looked down to where he stood, his reflection is there, except both his eyes were not there, he turned around but only saw nothing but darkness, the silence was unsettling.

He took a step, white particles splashed and sizzled around him, he walked slowly until he saw another shadow, it had something with it. Blocky approached cautiously towards the shadow, the shadow figure suddenly raised its hand up and opened it, revealing a small pocket knife, it had a small tint of dark red on its sharp edge. Blocky stepped back a bit.

??????: [You know what to do.]

Blocky: H-huh?-

Before Blocky could ask, the shadow figure disappeared. Blocky didn't know what to do in the dark, he was alone, the eerie silence filled in again, he had the pocket knife in his hand, maybe dropping it and abandoning it on the water floor is probably not a good idea, the shadow gave it to him for reasons, must have been a good one, Blocky felt something below his feet. The floor rumbled a bit, before shattering like glass, he was falling again, and before he reached the end, he woke up. Blocky fell on his back against the wall, was it all a dream? He didn't know, it wasn't clear, he felt something sharp in his hand, he looks at his hand. Yes, as expected, a small slightly closed pocket knife was in his hand, it kinda startled him but he quickly shoves it in his mouth.

He didn't know why but he suddenly couldn't control his body, he felt the sharp part of it pierce into the side of his mouth a bit, causing it to bleed, he winced before pulling himself to trying to look normal, the people who kidnapped them are probably watching their every move, the camera turned on, it slowly moved to his side. Blocky kinda freaked out a bit but sat still as if he was literally paralyzed in fear.

He waited until the small red light turned off, he carefully grabbed it out of his mouth and on the the floor, the pocket knife was small, but it made a cut at the side of his mouth easily. He licked the blood a bit, it tasted weirdly okay. The cut eventually stopped bleeding, he sighed in relief, he luckily didn't get caught and electrocuted by the staff.

The lights dimmed, today was a long day, now it was finally time to sleep. Everyone was indeed starting to get hungry after the first few days, he hoped that he could sleep through his hunger, and maybe it would go away when he wakes up. He looked up at the large light that switched off, he was very tired but his hunger was getting to him, he looked around but saw nothing to eat in the almost dark room, looks like he will have to sleep it off. He laid back down on the floor and fell asleep.

((((((((((((((((((()))))))))))))))))))

1745 words
Next Update:
16 January 2023

A/N [Important]

Important note

Hello reader, so I'm not putting warnings anymore (because I'm evil /j), reason is because probably later in the other chapters there will be way too many warnings to put and I think it would've spoiled the things, so you better be aware with it because I'm not gonna give anymore warnings, unless it's only one or two than maybe at the above. Next chapter is having some choking in it, so skip that chapter if you don't like choking or have been in a situation where you have been almost choked to death somehow.

Am I adding more Object shows?

Nope, I'm not adding in any other object show characters, not yet at least. So maybe you could suggest some object shows to be seen in the future or something, I don't know I'm just using this to just expand this page because it's very short and basically useless who don't care anything about them warnings. Maybe a object show will be found in the second (not decided yet actually) part of this book or something because if you read the title, I am planning to make a second book about 'Subject Crossover' which will probably come in mid year or somewhere there, so stay tuned for that! (Still not decided yet)

Updates of Chapter 6

Next one is all about ONE object show, so spoiler alert it is the word I keep using for some reason, anyways see you I think in a day or two, hopefully you didn't noticed because I don't want anyone coming after me for this. So get ready for it. (insert Liam's face when he burns the eggs) Bye!*

I just answered a bunch of questions just to expand this note, so you get to suggest an object show that I might not know of because there is a whole lot, so comment below I guess (if you want) if no one says

anything I will just be searching the internet or something, I don't know.

280 words

Chapter 6: Insanity

سڵاو بلۆکی، ئەوە من، ستۆن. لەوانەیە پرسیارەکەت ئەوە بێت کە بۆچی لێرەم، شتێکی هەڵە هەیە. ئەو دووانەی دوێنێ چوون ناگەڕێنەوە، بیاندۆزنەوە و ڕزگاریان بکەن. لسەهە.

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room with nothing to do. He did noticed Stone beside him while he was sleeping which was unsettling, he didn't even noticed that he was here.

Backpack: What are yo-

Stone: ***[Heavy distorting*]***

He was visibly traumatized and jumped slightly and fell on the floor, he sat there in horror. The distortion filled in his 'ears', he covers them up, trying his best to block out the noise, despite all of his efforts it never stopped. His voice echoed through his head, it filled his mind, he can't think straight anymore. All the others sounds were blocked off, leaving only Stone and Backpack alone in their own world.

Backpack: Stop...stop....stop....

Backpack was basically begging at this point, no matter what he did, the sound didn't stop. His grip on both of his 'ears' became stronger, he was pushing his palms to his head. Liam didn't know what to do but they started becoming more desperate by the minute, it felt as if it was breaking him.

Stone: ***[***გამარჯობა მე ვარ სტოუნ**,** ვიღაც ამელიასთვის მოდის**,** გადაარჩინე**.]**

Liam: Stop...stop please....no no no no...

Backpack was getting overwhelmed, his headache was more worse than ever, he sobbed silently as the noise continued on. He couldn't take it anymore, he lashed out.

Backpack: no no no....stop.....**STOP!!**

The distorting noises stopped. He realized something, everyone was staring at him like he was crazy, they looked worried for him. Stone wasn't there anymore, he wasn't even there from the start, he was sitting in the far corner. He held his hands on his 'head' and curled up into a ball, he sobs were more noticeable, his memories of ONE have gotten to him again. He's insane, isn't he?

Amelia was not in the room, so was Mold-y. They were taken out of the room last night. Only Airy and Soda Bottle were there, Backpack doesn't

know who Airy is, he thought he was just a lonely copper lantern, he seemed oddly familiar but he ignored it, he just cried silently on the floor. Everyone resumed back into their freaking out state, they ran around the room in panic. After hours of panicking, they got exhausted and some went to sleep again. Others stayed up.

Airy finally fixed his cassette player and tape, now he can play it if he wants, he puts it back on the floor while leaning against the wall and he stared into nothingness, even if he tried, he won't be able to sleep due to his hunger and normally he would eat fish or occasionally reeds if he was in his forest but he is here now, and everyone was starving.

Soda Bottle remembered something last night. Someone came into the room and approached him, he was injected with a needle, and the person left. It felt weird, after waking up he felt, happier...? It was indeed something he should probably be worrying about but he brushed it off anyways.

Blocky sweared that he heard something through the walls, someone was screaming in pain or something, it worried him. He didn't know what to do, he just laid on the floor, praying that everyone is going to be safe. Unfortunately, he was wrong.

The door opened and a scented candle stood in front of it, she was pushed into the room, she was barely able to stand up straight, both legs were trembling. Half of its it's body was sewed by thread, it's body was a slightly broken glass container and mold was growing on it right side inside the glass, causing it to be half blind, it's right side of it's body was a bit lumpy and the insides of the glass container were disgusting, one side was greenish blue and the other was teal, it had a wick in the middle and it had mold covering half of it.

Amelia(?): *Breathing heavily**

It collapsed on the floor, Soda Bottle ran towards her and shook her body, no movement. He panicked, what can he do? He quickly picks her up and shake her violently.

Soda Bottle: Amelia?! Wake up!

She didn't, her eyes have shifted over a bit to her side, her eye twitched

and no more, she was gone.

You should just die, you are just a burden to society, you don't has a purpose to live up for. After all, even if you died, no one would care, they all already hated you in the first place, especially Liam, you left him outside for ten hours despite all his efforts at making it to your apartment, you left him outside, to rot. You think he will ever forgive you? After all you have done? No, your just an ignorant fool who has wasted their life away on wine bottles. No one will ever forgive you. Not even Stella.

Who said that? He raises his hands up to his 'head' after his sister was mentioned, he silently cried, blood streamed down below his bandages onto the floor, the blood stained over. He just wanted to die, he wanted to rip his face off and suffer in the deepest pits of hell, he didn't know why. It didn't matter anymore, why was he thinking about this? It felt wrong but right, what was he doing with himself?

Backpack: B-Bryce?! What happened?!

He didn't even noticed Backpack beside him, he was trying his best to comfort him. Soda Bottle stopped crying, he formed a small smile on his face, and it grew bigger until it reached its limit.

Backpack: Bryce....? Y-you're freaking me out! Say something!

Bryce: Hehe....hahaha...**HAHAHAHAHA!!**

He suddenly laughed manically, it startled Backpack and caused him to jump. It didn't even sounded like Bryce anymore, he sounded like he was insane. He continued laughing, everyone could hear him and woke up.

Candle: W-what....

He doesn't even have an aura anymore, it's empty, he is empty. He laughed while covering his 'head', he couldn't care less about how he sounded, or what he said.

Bryce: **HAHAHAHAHAHAHA!! LIAM!!!HAHAHA!!!**

He was crying and laughing at the same time, Liam was extremely worried about him. He tries yelling at him to stop but he didn't listen, he just

continued laughing like a psychopath.

YOU JUST MAKE ME WANT TO DIE!!! HAHHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!

Liam: W-what?! Bryce stop!! They are watching us!

HAHAHAHAHAHA!!!! DID YOU THINK I WOULD LISTEN TO YOU?!!?HAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!!

Liam was confused and terrified. Bryce suddenly pushed and pinned him to the floor, both of his hands were wrapped around Liam's 'neck' and started squeezing them, he was trying to strangle him to death.

Liam: BRYCE STOP!

HAHAHAHAHAHA!!!! YOU JUST MAKE ME WANT TO DIE LIAM!!! DIE!!HAHAHAHAHAHA!!!!

No matter what Liam did, Bryce was too strong, he started running out of breathe, he couldn't push Bryce off of him, his grip on his 'neck' got tighter. He was constantly gasping for air, Bryce had damaged his 'throat' to the point where it starts bleeding mildly, seeing blood leaking out of his mouth and staining his fabric made him grinned widely. Liam couldn't breathe, he started screaming for help. Candle and Balloon were trying desperately to pull Bryce off of Liam, but it was no use. Nickel couldn't help because he has no arms, 'Paintbrush' is unable to use their limbs properly, Fanny had no arms either, Pin was acting weird and Blocky is too tired to move at all, there was only four of them. Remote came in with Lightning to help them out, it is their job to prevent death anyways.

Balloon: G-Get off!

They were able to finally pull him off, Liam laid weakly on the ground, he couldn't get up. The staff came in and dragged Bryce out of the room, he grinned to himself and still laughed a bit before he was taken out of the room.

Liam was extremely traumatised, it was the worse day ever, for him obviously. He was able to get up but needed help from Balloon, he was barely able to stand up.

Candle: You should rest....just breathe in.....breathe out...

Liam followed Candle's instructions and calmed down, he sat back down on the floor and looked over at Amelia's body. It had blood all over it. Liam couldn't get the image out of his head, and so was Bryce. Why did he did that? Was that even Bryce? He didn't know, he prayed that Amelia wasn't dead. He curled himself into a ball again, and fell asleep on the floor.

Remote and Lightning felt relieved and they cheered to themselves, they were able to successfully prevent death from happening, even though Fanny couldn't help, they were all still in good terms. The lights dimmed and they were all able to fall asleep peacefully.

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Words: 1615
Next update:
22 January 2023 (Edit: Two days earlier because I'm impatient)
This is to all you ONE fans /j :)

Chapter 7: Speak Up

Alarm: *blaring*

Another day, another headache. Now hunger was taking over them, it's been almost three weeks since they have ate anything. Leafy and Firey? Still missing, worrying level is slowly rising, they were scared, what is going to happen to them? Will their friends save them from this nightmare? They don't know, and they will never know.

The speaker sounds like it's turning on, must be another good morning message. Some ringing was heard, their microphone must've been in terrible quality.

Speaker: ***Ahem, Good morning subjects! I have a message to you, you are probably wondering where the two subjects that we took about a few weeks ago, well...***

Everyone impatiently waited for their response, they were indeed wondering and they were worrying a lot for them, hopefully they are coming back soon-

They are dead.

The speaker's voice just dropped down, their monotonous voice scared the hell out of everyone. But, Leafy and Firey died. The reason was unknown, but according to the day before, there was smoke coming from the laboratory, it must've been Firey setting Leafy on fire, that explains the smoke from yesterday. The faces in the room were mostly covered in shock, Fanny didn't really care, she just looks very pissed.

Speaker: ***Yeah...and also, yesterday. With the bottle thing, if you are wondering about yesterday also, about the uh...choking thing. Well, the plastic bottle was injected with an high overdose of serotonin, so he will be coming back in maybe a few short days or so, for now he***

will be in asylum I guess, anyways bye!

*Why was the speaker so weird? It's been speaking with that enthusiastic voice despite everything that has been happening so far, but why? Maybe they were just trying to lighten up the mood? Can't be, kidnappers don't do that, in fact they normally don't give sh*t about anything that happens to them, it is literally their job to grab people and hold them hostage until they either die or get sold to other people that are interested, that happens in the human world. Objects don't usually kidnap others unless it's a good reason, the possibilities are countless of what they would do with them.*

Blocky felt light-headed, his vision was constantly blurring him and became annoying quite quick. He couldn't focus much on the things he wanted to focus on and it was as if he was turning blind, he noticed that the room was warmer, but also cold. His fingers where freezing while his sides were sweating, he didn't know why, there was no fan or air conditioner or heater in the room, so why did it felt so cold? Didn't really know, didn't really care, didn't really matter.

Paintbrush was struggling with words but was very excited when Balloon came to seat with them, of course they had to welcome themselves to him, they shook his hand with the same strength as they did for Leafy when she was still there, Balloon let them do it even though it hurt but it didn't really bothered him too much. He talked to Paintbrush about the lab.

Balloon: Hey Paintbrush? Do you think we will be back home soon? I'm sure the others on the island are worried about our disappearance so maybe they are looking for us...? I don't know, what do you think?

Paintbrush: Who is they?

Balloon: What do you mean...?

Paintbrush: Oh, well I'm just curious who is this 'they' people, y'know?

What happened to them? Did they just forget about their friends in only a few weeks? Balloon was starting to grow worried.

Balloon: You're-friends! Like uh, Candle? And some others?

Paintbrush: You mean that dead looking body on the floor? *Points to*

*Amelia**

Balloon: Wha-no! I mean-the purple lit candle! I'm sure you know her before, right?

Paintbrush: Nope!

They smiled widely, it's scaring him. He has never seen Paintbrush this widely before, what is happening to them? It's starting to get more worrying as the time passes on, Balloon kept trying to give them hints of what their friends looked like, their relationships, and was trying to get them to figure it out. They couldn't despite Balloon's efforts, he eventually gave up and walked away. He sat down with Nickel, who was in the center of the room.

Airy was still in his corner, the one where no one went to visit at all, so far no one hasn't seen him there, he was very unnoticeable since it's a corner, no one likes looking at corners much. He has started to feel bad about them, basically everyone who had a bit of suffering except for him, maybe they weren't interested that much with him. Airy felt the need to interact with someone, since he hasn't really talked to anyone in years so maybe he can consider this as an award for keeping at least most of his sanity, he did talked to the people on The Plane but it wasn't a full conversation.

It does get lonely in the corner though, he looks over at the room, many varieties of objects just sitting around and chatting, and some who have been stitched together by only a few strings of thread, how does that even work? It truly is a wonder, he is definitely not a mad scientist perhaps the closest thing he is to one is a insane person, and he probably is one. Oh well, he doesn't care anyways, he can't be bothered enough to notice it.

After a bit of hesitation, he stands up and walked towards a random direction, he stood over Balloon and sits beside him without explanation, it was very random for Balloon but he didn't mind, maybe he could even make a new friend. Balloon tries starting a conversation.

Balloon: Hello mister!

His voice kinda startled Airy, never heard someone so loud and lively before. He glanced at Backpack and Amelia, it's probably safe to speak to

someone for once.

Airy: Hi....

Balloon: What's you name? I think it's a bit rude just to refer you as mister, heh.

Airy: My..name is....Airy...

He sounded a more quiet than usual, it was strange to Balloon but it was okay for him, everyone had to have their own reasons for not doing something he thought they would do.

Balloon: Airy? Sounds...interesting, that's Nickel by the way!

Nickel rolled his eyes.

Nickel: Yea right....must have not been so obvious...

He was being sarcastic, it was very obvious. Balloon was a bit upset even though they both agreed to stop the sarcastic speech, but they have someone here right now.

Balloon: Nickel! What did we just talked about a few days ago about this? Sorry Airy, he is sarcastic...

Nickel: Eh, whatever.

Airy: What..does...sarc-atic....?..Mean?

Airy was unable to say the word properly, he mispronounced sarcastic and left the second 's' silent. Balloon was a bit confused, isn't he supposed to know the word? Let alone in the least be able to pronounce it properly? He thought he was an adult who have been living how Balloon and his friends have been living, minus out the object show, perhaps it's different for him.

Balloon: Oh-do you mean sarcastic? It just to mock or convey! You know?

Airy: Oh....okay..

Balloon: How have you been doing?

Airy: Uh...okay....I guess...

Balloon: Well I've been doing fine, just been thinking about yeste-

Nickel: No one asked.

Balloon glared at him, he didn't like the comment, but than again, he is saying the truth, no one asked for his well being. Balloon muttered some words under his breathe. No one noticed someone walking towards them, it was Backpack, he was curious on what they were talking and was just bored out of his mind, so why not talk to someone that he didn't know?

Backpack: What are you guys talking about?

The moment he came, Airy shut his mouth. Crap, one of his contestant is here, more like his worst nightmare, his murderer. He shifted his eyes to the side of the room.

Balloon: We we're just talking casually! Wanna join?

Backpack: Yeah-sure.

He sits beside Nickel, Balloon and Backpack were talking, basic things such as 'How are you?' Or 'What's your name?', very casual things that people will talk about. It was boring for Nickel, while Airy was sitting there anxiously while trying to not get noticed by Backpack. His name is Liam, he is twenty one years old, he lives in another area of the world and he works as a telemarketer, that's what Balloon heard from him, he was surprised as he had never heard of an object having a job before. He also said something about ONE, about how he knew some of the random objects in the room, and also mentioning the host but he didn't know his name and Airy, who was the host of ONE, did not take it lightly, he doesn't know why but a small fire sparked in his glass head but quickly disappeared, that usually happens when he turns the switch on his back, he is his own source of light and he takes advantage of being a lantern, sometimes it also light up based on his emotion it lights up when he is either angry, annoyed, bothered or uncomfortable but that barely happens since not much happens in his mysterious world and no one lived there for a decade, only him in the world, until Liam and a computer with a alive

text box came.

Liam noticed Airy not talking at all since he arrived, he became curious of the reason why.

Liam: Balloon? Who is he?

Oh shit. He's gonna find out.

Balloon: Liam this is Airy, Airy this is Liam, say hi!

Liam: Airy...? Sounds familiar. Anyways, my name is Liam.

Airy: *Waves at Liam awkwardly**

Liam didn't really knew what to respond with, so he raises his hand out for Airy to shake it, but Airy doesn't know what he is doing and just awkwardly left Liam's hand hanging there and he eventually let it down. Before anything else could happen, the light dimmed without warning.

It was time to sleep now, they all said goodbye except for Airy and went into random spots, he leaned against the wall which was at his far corner, he had a hard time sleeping, his back was aching for some reason but that was not stopping him from trying, he couldn't help but smile a bit, he finally had some of the company he needed all those years ago, he eventually was able to go to sleep peacefully.

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Words: 1792
Next update:
24 January 2023

Chapter 8: Starvation

Cw(s):
-Gore
-Hallucinations

He woke up in the middle of the night in complete darkness to the sounds of screaming, not inside of the room but outside, they were muffled screams. For some reason, no one else has waken up. He stood up and looked down, he still has the pocket knife, he has never needed to actually use the it and the shadow who has gifted him it did not explain at all but now he was starting to understand. He was hungry.

He opens the pocket knife, the sharp tip, and places it on one of his hands, he held it there for a moment. Biting his lips to avoid screaming, he starts cutting through his skin, watching the blood dripping down slowly from the wound, it was very painful and he almost stopped at one point but he was desperate for it, so he endured the pain and kept going.

Once he done the major damage to his arm, he gently licked the blood while trying to avoid making it even worse than it already is, it tasted somehow good, the cut has escalated into a giant piece of skin removed from his arm, he licked off the last drops of blood and laid back down on the floor, he was able to fall asleep again after that.

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His sleep was abruptly interrupted as he heard someone screaming at him, they were shaking him to wake him up. His vision was blurred a bit but finally came into focus, it was Paintbrush, it was surprising for them to actual see them worrying about..anything at all, it's nice to see them worry like this, at least they can show other emotions other than happiness that almost no one has at this point, only them.

Paintbrush: Hey Mister! What happened to your arm?!

Blocky: I-huh..?

He looks down at his arm, it felt incredibly painful. Oh yeah, that thing, how did he forget that? It felt like it was just a few minutes ago, it most likely was. The alarm hasn't even set off yet, he noticed that Amelia's body was gone, weird. Must have been the staff taking her out in the middle of the night, maybe it's for a health check, since she was unconscious for a while.

Paintbrush was hovering over him, the lights have yet to dim. It was hard to see them but he didn't care, at least some of his hunger was gone, but not all. He was starting to crave more for food, they haven't eaten yet. It was driving him crazy, he started seeing things, most of them were just shadows, others were more serious. He thought he saw someone dangling down from rope, it was tied to it's 'neck', blood was pouring out of its chest, despite their organs were not visible, he could still imagine it coming out of it's stomach, the object looked like it committed suicide, they were transparent and had some red and blue which is presumably it's cap and a label.

Another one was another object, their face was torn off, leaving only their mouth, their blood already dried up since they must've been left out for too long, someone tore their face off but who? Their body was fully green.

The last one were pieces of flesh all over the floor, their body were stitched together by a thread of string, they also had small black wings that looked like they were the wings of the devil except more smaller, half of their body was blueish gray while the other side was the color of rusted copper. Blood was stained on them.

Blocky was horrified by every sighting, yet he said nothing about it to Paintbrush. He reassured that he was fine but Paintbrush didn't believe anyways, they sat beside him to take care of him, while he kept seeing different deaths taking place. One had a pile of maggots scattered all over on them, another was dismembered into smaller pieces, while another had a knife that was stabbed into their eye, one even showed an object that was even there in the room, he never saw it before, it seemed to be a Μαύρο και άσπρο*, but separated from each other for some reason. It was the worst things Blocky ever saw, another terrible day in the pile.*

After staying with Blocky for about three or four hours, Paintbrush

eventually became bored and walked away to talk to other people or just slept on the floor again.

Meanwhile, somewhere in the laboratory, he sat on the floor, curled up in a ball and crying quietly, white tiles surrounded him and there was a camera also watching him, the room was smaller than the containment room, usually used to observe subjects without needing to get disturbed by other subjects that happen to interact with that particular object, but for now it is use to avoid anymore possible traumatic violence that could lead to serious casualties and damage.

The walls of the room stared down at him, he regretted it, he hated it in the most. He was starting to get claustrophobic, tears fall on the floor off his face, he could feel himself drowning in guilt. There were punch and scratch marks on the wall, presumably from previous subjects. He shouldn't have done all of that, why did he even did it in the first place, oh wait, he thought that he was the reason he wanted to die, it's his fault then, every single part of it.

The door of the room suddenly unlocks and slides open, a woman stood over the entrance, he looked at the subject and slowly walked towards him, he quickly crawled to the back with eyes staring at the person.

???: Okay, I'm sorry what happened two day ago, but can you maybe...tell me what's on your mind? It might help!

He recognized the voice, she must've been that voice that had always so enthusiastic when she was on the speaker, he didn't respond but tried considering the offer.

???: I'm sure you can talk, I've seen it before!

F-fine....

The woman sat beside him, even though she is willing to help, he still couldn't trust her, not yet at least.

I just feel like that..he was the reason why-I just felt like I wanted to die..you know? So...I thought getting rid of him was the way to stop the feeling, but I just made myself and him feel worse....

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She didn't respond, she kinda looked shocked and felt bad for the poor guy. He could feel more guilt than ever, he should've known this simpleton of a 'human' being couldn't help him with his problems, tears were still rolling down his face.

???: Oh-I...didn't know that, I-I'm so sorry you had to face that..

Mumbling Yeah, not like you could do anything about it...

???: Uh, well...if you need anything else, I could get it for you, okay?

Nods

She stood up and walked away, sliding the door behind her shut and locking it. He knew it, she wasn't much of any help or anything, she was just there to interact, probably trying to get some information from him about what it's like to be an object or something. It was all for nothing, the lights dimmed which was way quicker than he would have expected, at least he didn't had to wait for like a day until he could finally get some rest, he silently laid on the ground in disappointment for himself and finally fell asleep.

With the people in the containment room, the lights will dim later than his. The reason they dim the lights was to imitate a day and night cycle, but they were bad at time so they would just do it in different timings since they didn't wanted a fixed timing for them to have an advantage to escape before they could wake up, when they sleep, it could be in the evening. It wasn't the best way they could have dealt with it but whatever.

The lights finally dimmed after hours of waiting, everyone was excited as they like it when the time came, the time where they could finally rest for a while and then get up and running again. One by one, each object fell asleep to the silence and the peace in the room, every tomorrow they face is going to be more worse than the one before, better get some rest for that time.

Everyone eventually drifted to sleep, everyone except for Blocky, he couldn't sleep due to the throbbing pain on his arm, the one he cut the skin off, a gentle breeze could be poking many needles into his arm harsh-fully, it was one of the worse pain he had ever suffered through so far, he laid on the ground and stared into a wall, as time pass by, he got more hungry,

he was craving for food still, but the only thing he can is..his skin, he look at his arm.

He hesitated, before biting into it, it was even more painful than before but he was getting desperate for food, he ripped out the flesh he was able to bite on and force himself to chew it down until he swallowed, it tasted delicious, blood poured through the now open hole in his arm, he never felt this much pain before, but hey, it was worth it. He realized what he had done and felt regret, the damage has been done though, there was nothing he could do. The bright side is that he is not starving anymore, so he doesn't need to tear his entire arm off to get himself fed.

He laid his severely damaged arm on the ground, the pain was hard to endure but it was bearable, for him at least. He was somehow able to calm himself down despite the giant exposed hole in his arm, he finally drifted off and fell asleep.

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Words: 1685
Next update:
29 January 2023

Chapter 9: Out Of Luck

Cw(s):
-Electrocution

Speaker: ***Good morning Subjects, subject 38 and 21, please follow our staff outside, thank you.***

The microphone was screeching in terrible quality, they should probably replace it soon. Whatever. Files were scattered on the table with pictures and the subject's respective numeral names on all of them, each file had at least one or two papers inside depending on how much information they have one their behaviour or attitude, it was a complete mess. They had two files beside each other, had a picture of a candle and someone else, a green four leaf clover, both had the numbers '53' and '68' written on them. Of course they will have to drag the clover in later but for now they are focusing on other subjects, they were both waiting at the door.

The door opened by one of the staff and closed again after they both exited the containment room, the walls were light grey with dangling lights hanging over them, a grey door was at the end of the seemingly long hallway. Upon arriving at the entrance, there was a darker grey label that spelled out "The Experiment Room".

After opening it, there were two white tables beside each other and a giant gun like weapon hovering over both of the tables. The staff pushed them towards the tables, guns at their heads, maybe they weren't so friendly after all. They were forced strapped onto the tables separately, one of the staff members was getting the 'gun' ready, it heated up a bit and lowered down towards them.

Balloon could see the small bolts of electricity starting to become bigger, a red handle was at one side of the machine and someone pulled it down. The gun was powering up, it was making a whirring sound, until...

CRASH!

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A beaming light was casting on the door from the outside of the room, someone was screaming in pain, they don't know why but it's startling. Paintbrush was in awe when he saw the light beaming under the door, it was fascinating for them somehow.

The door suddenly opens, a object stood over the entrance, a four leaf clover. But not unconscious, after seeing that some of her friends were in the same room as her, she smiled happily and sat at the side of the room. Candle can already imagined what happened, it seems like she was manipulated into coming with them to the lab, perhaps it was a deal they made with her which lured her into hell. She'll soon regret her decision on after seeing what they have been doing them for the past few weeks.

She was fairly happy with sitting at the side of the room, alone. Clover carried a butterfly with her for some reason, it fluttered its pink wings as it flew slowly in the air, she giggled softly when the butterfly landed on her hand. Candle was staring at her, she is so innocent, why does she have to here? It made no sense, she has good luck on her side, yet she is trapped in here, did it just suddenly disappeared when she needed it the most? Can't be, things don't usually do that, that's just stupid.

The butterfly flew up until it reached on top of her and landed there, it slowly crawled down behind her back and went back to hiding. She noticed Candle staring at her with disbelief, she didn't know why but why not try to find out? Clover walked towards Candle and sat beside her, she tilted her 'head' up a bit to look at her face. Candle didn't know what to say, Clover was patiently waiting for her to say something, or strike a random conversation with her.

Candle: H-hi...

Clover: Hello Candle! Why the long face?

Candle stuttered a bit. No, she can't know what happened, she is too innocent for their fate, she is going to have to lie.

Candle: It's just that I, uh- had a bad day..

Clover: Oh come on! Let's turn that face upside down!

She reached out her hands for her face and moved her cheeks to make it look like she was smiling, unfortunately it wasn't working. She frowned, her friend was clearly upset with something, maybe it was something else? Possibly her disturbing Candle was not the best option to do but she was just trying to be thoughtful about other people, or objects.

As Clover sat beside Candle obliviously of the situation, Candle was starting to doubt herself, what if they couldn't escape? Are they just going to rot in the most painful ways? She looked at a red block on the floor to distract herself from her thoughts, it wasn't waking up for some reason. With a bit of hesitation, she stood up and walked towards the limp body on the floor, before noticing blood everywhere, it was leaking out of somewhere, but where?

She looked panicked as blood stained the floors, she turns over the body to see..an arm, a bite mark was visible on object's arm, it was red and it was still bleeding in large amounts of blood. It smelled like a dead carcass, Clover had noticed the smell filling in the air, she quickly gets up and rushes towards the body. The red block was still unconscious, it's mouth was covered in blood and small bits of flesh, it must've bitten into itself, Candle also notices a small red pocket knife that was being held in one of its hand, the one that wasn't injured of course.

Before Clover could peak being Candle, she felt someone's hands on her 'shoulders' and was pulled back, it was Paintbrush. This time they weren't cheerful, they were confused, of course if you are confused of something, just ask someone that seemed to be free, and that was apparently Clover, who was obviously not free.

Paintbrush: Hey Miss? What's that? *Points at the red block**

Clover: I don't know what happened but what happened to you?

Paintbrush: *Shrugs** I don't know what you mean, everyone asks this question quite often but I don't know why. So confusing, and cool!

Clover: How is it cool?

Paintbrush kept stalling her, they were trying to back up Candle until they could fix the problem, though everything they said to her was not wrong, those things did happened, but Clover thought they were just over exaggerating jokes for some odd reason. It was a distraction approach to take.

Paintbrush: Oh yeah! I remember that one time where someone was dragging me down a hallway while I was ALMOST unconscious, and they were so upset to drag me, that they fell asleep!

Clover: Haha! *Clears throat** Uh-I should probably go...

Paintbrush pulls her by both arms, Clover doesn't know why but it was starting to get a bit frustrating. Woah, new feeling. Paintbrush explained to her that if she saw it, than it will be a horrifying sighting that she will regret seeing at all and will probably go through at least three days of depression but Clover didn't care, she knows when she is needed if she is. She slips out of Paintbrush's grasps and quickly arrived there before they could do anything about it.

Clover peeked behind Candle's back and saw the wound on the red block's wrist, it was indeed very gross and worrying with the blood spilling out of the wound heavily, it smelled gross as expected, not strong but not weak. Fortunately, she had some bandages on her, she of course didn't had any disinfectant with her but it was the best she could do, she carefully tied them up on the wound firmly and squeezed a bit, the red block woke up a

while ago and was scared, he winced, but afterwards gave her a weak smile. Candle noticed it and gave a thumbs up to her, it was quite rewarding to be fair, she is happy enough with that. Candle calmed the red block down to avoid stress or passing out again, it fell asleep afterwards.

Teardrop was with Stone and doing what they do as usual, daydreaming, for Teardrop. Stone was thinking about something on his mind, he knows what they were going to do to them and what has actually happened during those experiments, its frightening but he has seen worse. How could he tell them about it? Maybe if he can get something to write on it might work out, if they can figure out the numbers and words with his messy handwriting. He can't get Teardrop to tell them, she can't speak and they don't know sign language, he's going to have to find another way.

The lights dimmed almost completely after an hour into his thoughts.

Today has been long enough, it's time to sleep. The floor has turned cold and so has the walls too, it's gonna be way harder to sleep in this condition, after all, they are made from two objects that were stitched together against their will, it felt..weird in this new body yet, good? There is no positive way that this could be said in, it's hard to believe what state they were in. Paintbrush found it harder to breathe, the air was getting thicker.

???: Something.....wrong? Wait, Paintbrush?!

Paintbrush: *It's..hard...to....breathe....*

They felt themself in water, air bubbles coming out of their mouth, they eyes were starting to close as they fell deeper, they raised their hand out for the surface but it soon fell, the deeper they were, the more darker it got, was this really how they were going to die? After everything?

???: Paintbrush!

Someone was calling them but it was heavily muffled by water. They were starting to let go, they felt..free from their body. As they sank closer to the bottom, if there was even one, they thought about Lightbulb, which was one of the only objects that they could remember, her face, her voice, her laughter..it's, unforgettable. Oh, how nice she was..if only she was here...

I-...ugh....

They finally gave up.

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Words: 1694
Next update:
5 February 2023 (I needed a break)

Chapter 10: Scarred

Remote woke up again in the night, more like very early morning. Her current batteries were starting to run out, she is going to have to get new batteries soon, at least she has to extra batteries with her, tomorrow or maybe the day after she can change them. This time she was unable to sleep, Remote had nothing to do so why not check on the others?

She heard some mumbling, maybe she can check out there first, as she walked towards the noises she thought she saw two eyes staring and glowing white in the dark, she blinked and they were gone, probably a hallucination from the running out batteries. It was not long before Remote reached the source of the sounds, since she could kind of see in the dark it a bit easier to identify what it was. Huh, a weird looking paintbrush, interesting.

Paintbrush: Ugh....S-stop....I don't wanna....

They groaned as they wrapped their arms around themselves, they seemed afraid of something, maybe they were having nightmares, she should probably leave them alone for now, they don't seem comfortable now.

Paintbrush tossed and turned while still keeping a scared face, Remote walked away, what can she do now? It started to get boring again, she looked around for any form of entertainment but nothing, it might be her or she is just a robot that can't seem to find anything fun to do.

It was silent till the door opened, a man stood over the door, he looked down and let out one of his arm, he grabbed another object and walked out, what were they planning with all of them?

Alarm: *Blaring**

Blocky: Ugh...It's time already..? Ugh....

Blocky hasn't been doing well, after all the cannibalism he has committed

to, he has been going through some weird hallucinations and had random headaches when he was sleeping and it caused him to wake up and he couldn't go back to sleep, he has been very tired as well, not going good so far.

Speaker: ***Morning subjects, is subject 38 here?***

A male voice spoke through the speaker. Everyone looked around awkwardly, who is subject 38? There is almost no one in the room now, about half of them are either missing or dead.

Lightning: Can you be more specific?

Lightning shouted at the speaker as loud as he could. Fanny gave him a death glare for all the noise he was making.

Speaker: ***Uh-one sec-***

*Shuffling noises**

The room was filled with confused faces, except for Fanny-and Pin, they both don't really care or are not paying any attention on whatever goes on, unless it's has something to do with them.

Speaker: ***B-backpack? Is there a backpack here? Subject 38?***

Everyone looked around the room, turned out to be Backpack, he was..still sleeping, somehow ignoring the noises. He did woke up recently to the speaker though, Backpack looked down to his 'chest', the numbers '38' was written on the tag in thin red ink, neatly. He let out a soft sigh, standing up and stretching his limbs, he walked towards the speaker.

Liam: Yes? What do you want?

Speaker: ***Your friend is coming back today, do not speak anything of your last incident with him, he might go into shock, also he might have a small memory loss.***

Friend? Oh right, Soda Bottle, his name was Bryce right? Whatever, not very useful. Wait, did he say..memeory loss? What happened? How does she even know him?

Liam: You mean Soda-uh, Bryce right? How do you know him?

Speaker: ***Yeah, says here that your his close friend, Subject 38. He is coming back today, just not now, maybe later.***

And just like that, the speaker turned off. Backpack was kind of surprised but afraid, what did they do with Soda-Bryce during those few days? Hopefully nothing too bad, but how could he know? Only time can tell. He sat at the place where the speaker was hanging from, it was kind of a safety hazard but he couldn't care about it, he sat below the speaker. His mind was swirling with thoughts and questions, what if something..bad actually happened to him?

Teardrop was at the corner, after listening to the speaker, she felt scared, plus after seeing what the soda bottle could do negatively, she is a bit worried about the green backpack but she can't say anything, she has no vocal cords. People always thought that she didn't care about anything, but it was not true, she did care, she was just being misunderstood and she is unable to speak due to the absence of vocal cords, how sad, oh well.

She sat there for a few minutes, daydreaming of herself riding an airplane, soaring through the clouds, as she continued imagining, a small smile formed on her face, maybe one day she will be able to ride an airplane and travel across the skies, maybe one day.

A few hours after the speaker turned on, the metal door opened. It was Bryce, he took a few steps into the room before he collapsed on the floor face first, Backpack just stared at him, shocked. The color on his label and cap were a faded to a grey-ish blue and red, he looked very weakened, what did they do to him? He looked around in panic, not knowing what to do, before running towards the color faded soda bottle, scars of different sizes were visible on both his face and chest, some were already dried while some others were still fresh, blood slowly dripped from his face onto the once grey floor, he barely had the strength to move, he gradually looked up at the shocked Backpack, his eyes were wide open, even after what he did to him just a few days ago, he was still trying to help him? Wow, what a loyal friend he has, he might abandon him later.

Oh the pain, it was horrible in there, the knives, the needles, the guilt, the pain, the blood. All came back to him, his time in the white room was already bad enough, why did he had to go through even more suffering in

addition to all of his trauma? Even the white room made him flinch, he can imagine every single white tile in that room staring down at him, glaring at him with hatred.

It's so hard to look at Backpack without struggling to even look at him, he was so thoughtful of him, to worry so much about him, no surprise there though.

His eyes slowly started to dilate before his eyelids closed and he blacked out.

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Audio log #5

Someone has sabotaged one of the subjects again, more damage has been caused on them. Project Crossover has begun just a few weeks ago, the two subjects that were taken in about two or three days ago are still in the experiment room, we are still dealing with some issues about them but we are getting closer to figuring it out soon the more we look into it, we are still going to have to use the new formula we came up on yesterday on one of the subjects, it will be in a form or a liquid, it is definitely not ready to be tested on humans and we are not sure how it will affect the human body and if it could be lethal to us, so we will have to have one of the subjects to test it out tomorrow or the day after that, it is supposed to give the subject feathery like wings to fly but we are still not sure if that is indeed the case. Hopefully nothing else bad happens like last time again, we can't afford to lose another file or subject, tomorrow we will have to let them in first thing in the morning. I should probably do more audio log in's but I'm a bit busy at the moment so I will try update these more on a daily basis or something. Tomorrow will be another day.

-End of Audio-

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Words: 1369
Next update:
9 February 2023

Chapter 11: Knocked Out

Cw(s):
- Hallucinations
-Suicidal Attempt

Ңї! Мұ nдйs їs ӏїd-Бдçкрдçк! Ї'м д бдçкрдçк дйd мұ тңяөдт ңтцятs! Ї ңөрє тңдт Ї dїє ңєяє sөөйєя өя ıдтєя, çдй'т wдїт цйтїı тңєұ ғїйдıцұ dєçїdє тө кїıı мє! Мдұбє Бяұçє wїıı ғөяGїvє мє ғөя мдкїйG ңїм, Gө тө тңє wңїтє яөө-дsıұтцм, Ї ңөрє Ї wїıı dїє їй тңє мөsт ρдїйғтı дйd sıөw wдұ wңєй їм дт мұ dєдdüййє! Ңї мұ йдмє їs ӏїд- мұ йдмє їs ӏї- мұ йдмє їs ӏ-

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НДНДНДН

НДНДНДНДНДНДНДНДНДНДНДНДНДНДНДНД!!!!!

AHHH!!!!

Backpack yelped before collapsing on the floor, Teardrop blankly stares at him, not much emotion showed in her eyes. Ah right, he was..resting after Soda Bottle fell unconscious for a while, he went into a sharp panic attack after the scar sighting, Candle had to help him, again. Pathetic.

He is very hungry though, a few weeks since he last ate anything, anything edible would be really good right now. His stomach feels so empty, like how empty a litre of a soda bottle is..something really did bad happened to him, the scars can tell him. How stupid he was to think he would actually be alright in this place.
So stupid.

Stupid...

Stupid..

Stupid.

Stupid

Stupid

Stupid

Stupid!

STUPID!

He accidentally knocked his 'head' against the metal wall, it feels..good... He stared at the hard wall, and forced his 'head' into the wall again, he smiled to himself, before smashing his wall again, and again..and again...and again, till it bled, blood spread across the wall, staining it in red. He smiled wider and knocked it even harder. The pain felt good, he is not dead yet and his condition will probably get worse overtime anyway, so why not have some enjoyment? He chuckled quietly and knocked his head hard against the wall, he suddenly felt warm blood streaming down his 'forehead', it was staining his fabric and dripping onto the grey floor, he started to feel dizzy but he didn't care, he just continued smashing his

'head' against the wall, one after another, he smashed it harder each time. His vision got more blurry, his 'head' and the wall he smashed it against now has blood splattered all over it. Until, he heard footsteps, someone was shouting at him but their voice was hard to hear, he smashed his head for the last time, which he used all the strength he has left, he eventually fell forward and went unconscious.

???: MISTER! STOP! YOU'RE HURTING YOURSELF!!

. .

???: You know what? Move out of the way Candle, let me try something...

SLAP!

. . .

. .

???: Get out of the way!

. . . . . .

• • • • • • • • • • •

Mumbling

???: Alright..Subject 38, we will be testing out your ability to..fight, but first I need to..get the syringe...

Backpack found himself on a metal grey table, light yellow files scattered all over the table a few metres away from him, he was extremely confused, what even happened just now? One moment he was in the containment room and all the sudden he is sitting on a table, weird.

A person was searching for something through the cabinets, wonder what they are looking for. He looked around, a bunch of vials and papers everywhere, on tables, some on the floor, even on the seats, it really is a mess in here. Why is he even here again? He noticed another table, someone was tied to it but he couldn't tell who as the darkness covered

that table almost completely, he couldn't move, he was strapped down on the table by metal rings, trapping him from escaping.

???: I got it, try not screaming okay? It would be a lot easier..if you don't resist.

Before Backpack could react, the person plunged the syringe into one of his wrists, it felt awfully painful, in the next few seconds he started screaming, it felt like they just dug a hole in his wrist, once the insides of the syringe were emptied, the person took a moment to write something down, he was released off from the table, before they gave him a roll of white bandages to him, signalling him to wrap the hole by himself.

Backpack felt a bit nauseous at the thought of a giant bloody hole on his wrist so he tried tying it up without looking, his hand felt like it was going to detach from his wrist and fall on the floor, gross. The person grabbed him harshly by his other wrist and dragged him to the containment room, he didn't even had strength to move so he was just letting himself get dragged away on the floor.

The green backpack was dumped on the floor with someone else to the containment room, it was Soda Bottle, what were they doing in there? They looked dead tired, maybe the scientist gave them some medicine or something, Remote is terrible at thinking properly in this condition, she will have to switch her batteries now, hopefully they will give her some batteries when required, she stared at the two males on the floor, both at the edge of going unconscious at this point, maybe they will get up later.

The lights had finally dimmed, it was time to sleep. Once Remote had changed her batteries than she will go to bed. Candle was still scared after seeing what happened just now, someone almost committed suicide right on the spot, how could they have let someone do this? This place truly is hell, ever since Lightning came, Candle has been a bit more busy planning on the escape, if Lightning doesn't die of course, than she will have to start again from square one.

Candle already knew what is going to happen tonight, it is relating to the suicidal incident, she knew what was going to happen when she saw the green backpack slamming his 'head' against the wall as hard as he could, she tried to stop them from taking him away from them but it was no use, might as well get some sleep tonight.

Before she could even drift off to sleep, she heard a familiar sound in the distance, sounds like someone was groaning in pain. Wait, that means-oh no, no no no...not now..she sat up and looked around, her flame was still burning so she could see in the dark, she found a green backpack on the floor, tossing and turning around, he kicked his legs while having a frustrated look on his face, he looked disturbed, scared and..is he crying...? Candle suddenly noticed something moving at the corner of her eye, it was shaking but it looked like it was being dragged by..air...? What's happening? The Soda Bottle was being dragged closer to the backpack while Candle didn't know what to do, suddenly someone pulled her by her long wick and fell on the floor, she looked up, two white eyes glowing in the dark with blood tears dripping down their face, it held up a match and it stick it in her fire, it lit up with a small fire and it disappeared, a sudden wave of exhaustion hit her hard, before anything else happened, she drifted off to sleep..

Audio Log #6

Today, did not go as planned, one of the subjects were attempting to commit suicide and no one was keeping an eye on it, we should probably be more observant on what they are doing, I had to inject it with one of our experiments that we have been doing, it is two mixtures combined, so it should do both of its effects on the subject. We also had to electrocute and injure one of the subjects that went violent when they were trying to choke the same subject that tried to kill himself by banging his head on the wall, I feel kind of bad for them, but...nevermind. Tomorrow we need to deal with the paintbrush, it has not waken up and we need to check up on it to make sure it is still alive and breathing, I'm sure tomorrow would be a better day than this one, actually we would be doing more things to them from tomorrow onwards, we need to win the war, we need to be more quick than now because at the speed we are moving at, we will never get this by our deadline. We will bring back the balloon tomorrow, hopefully it doesn't try to hurt any of the subjects...

-End Of Login

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Words: 1419
Next update:
16 February 2023 (Edit: Extended by a day)

Chapter 12: Search

A few weeks have passed since they went missing, none of the bfb crew has found anyone, they were starting to lose hope for their missing friends. They have decided to do something that they never thought they needed.

Meanwhile, on the area where the competition of Tpot is on going, they too are also looking for their missing friends, just a few weeks ago they came and attacked them when Two was crying about his pie since the situation completely ruined it, poor Two. Eggy just threw it out and pretended that she ate, which worked and Two was not so upset about it.

On an deserted Island, Inanimate Insanity were on their third season and was being held there for illegal reasons, Mephone can't really be bothered to look for anyone who went missing unless they are a favorite because he was a 'fat slob' so everyone else on the island had to search them themselves, but in the least he will occasionally go on the Melife app and press some of the buttons in case they died, maybe he actually does care but chooses to hide it.

And finally, One, a green floating planet holding captive of several objects, there is not much to say about it, almost no one on the planet tried to search for them, as long as they are on the planet than they are basically useless, they have been isolated for so long to the point where they gave up on their lives and choose to live there, for the rest of their lives since there is no host and no one to save them, when there is no host, the show will just come to a sudden stop sadly.

Flower and the bfb crew stood over the purple mountains of Yoyle City, the cold wind blew her pink petals gently, the clouds were grey and the day would only get darker and darker as the last beams of light cease and hide behind the darkness of the sky.

The days only got worse, they were losing hope of finding them and it was hard to keep up with time without some of their close friends to cheer them up on a sad day.

Gelatin: Flower..I think it's time to go.

Flower: B-but we haven't found them!

Gelatin: I know but if it's starts raining, I will get all soggy and might not make it back!

Flower takes a moment to think, she seemed determined, which caused her to hesitate for a while before nodding her head, Gelatin was kind of relieved that this time they didn't get into a fight like last time, plus he would get soggy if it starts raining and will melt into a green slimy mess, which was very unpleasant and definitely not desirable for him.

The normal bus was waiting for them outside of the borders of Yoyle City, the purple grass was cut of to green normal grass to mark the border of the two very different places, one of them had several buildings and the other had many dark trees, The Evil Forest of course, known as one of the deadliest forests that could be found near the place where bfb is taken place at, it has been haunted by Evil Leafy ever since..bfb episode twenty-five on the first season.

The group carefully boarded on the bus, Ruby took the driver's seat while the rest sat at the backseats, there was only four seats that were empty, Four chose Gelatin, Flower, Taco and Loser to look over the Yoyle City but came back with no success.

Ruby: So did you guys saw anything..fun?

Taco: I mean, I did saw a large patch of someone's potato garden and they were huge!

Flower: Eh, saw some red shiny shards at the bottom of a tall tower, they were kind of pretty...

Ruby: Cool!

Ruby decided to turn on the radio since she was just sitting in a bus in silence, she turned the knob of the radio, but it only made a static sound, indicating that it was very much broken, she decides to sing a song that many are very familiar with.

Ruby: *Shouting** La la la la la! Driving with my friends! This is so

much fun!

Taco: No offense Ruby but you should probably stop singing, it's kind of annoy-

Ruby: *Even louder** La la la la! Driving with my friends! This is so much fun!!

Ruby ended up singing almost the entire trip long while Taco and basically everyone else tried stopping her, until...

Radio: *Static* That's all for today folks! Hope you have a nice day while driving to work.....*

Flower: Oh my goodness! The radio is back on! So you can stop singing now?

Ruby: *Sigh** I guess..

Ruby turns the knob in a random direction at a random time and placed her hand back on the wheel, but instead of music playing, it was the news going on live.

Radio: Sorry for the interruption of your daily program, but objects have been kidnapped from mysterious figures all over random areas, we are currently investigating their disappearances, make sure to avoid going outside and lock all of the doors and windows. Thank you.

Taco stared at the moment for a second, before the thought came to her, did they got kidnapped by the figures? Seems possible.

Taco: Hey, I think they got taken away by..them.

Flower: Why do you think so?

Taco took a moment to think before replying back.

Taco: Well...they went missing for almost five weeks and this seems to be the only possible thing that could've taken them away, plus I'm sure those mysterious figures are the kidnappers.

Flower: ....good point.

Loser: Oh...that reminds me about the, weird looking footprints on the grass patches...

Gelatin took a few moments before he realized what Loser said and stared at him shockingly.

Gelatin: Wait...footprints?! What did they look like?!

Loser: Uh...the leather boots..kind...?

Gelatin: That's it! We have to follow the footprints!

Ruby: But, we are almost home, we can't just turn back now!

Gelatin: We have to, those footprints are our one and only lead, by the time the rain stops pouring, they would be long gone. It's now or never.

Ruby felt a bit upset, but because of the sake of her friends, she was willing to turn back. She made a sudden turn to the opposite direction to home, she smiled fondly as the bus sped up faster than ever, it reminded her of the Free Smart Super Van, it was cool even though she spent only a few hours in there.

Flower stared at the limitless deserts filled with cacti and rocks, lots of them. The whole journey of making it back to Yoyle City was silent, only the noises of the bus's engines and the wheels screeching occasionally were heard, she stared outside of the window for the rest of the ride, she stared at it with despair, what if they couldn't find them?

Finally, after another two hour drive, they have made it back to the purple grassland, the grey clouds brought darkness to the city of purple land.

Gelatin: Loser! Where are the footprints?!

Loser: I think near the potato garden Taco was talking about...

And indeed it was there, because of the rain, it looked more like a hole but it seemed like it was a footprint still, the trail travelled up another mountain which led to a forest, it was purple like the grass, the crew

started heading up towards the mountain, it was steep but they managed through, even the blasting storm wasn't going to stop them, not now.

They finally reached the summit of the mountain, the trail of footprints continued on into the depths of the purple forest, the crew stared into the darkness of the forest as leaves flew furiously in the storm, before taking a step forward into the forest, not long later they found themselves running through the dark woods, following the footprint trails until it ends.

After a few minutes of running, the trail finally stopped at..a cabin? Weird place for kidnapping but reasonable, they rushed into the wooden cabin and immediately started to look through the entire thing, there was a table, a wooden chair with hay on it and a book, one that looked like the very old books that you would find in a abandoned library.

Gelatin spotted the book and grabbed it off the table, the book was light and it only contained a few pages. He turned the cover, it had words that are a bit unclear but it was mostly neat to read.

"Today is the day we will be finding them, we are not exactly sure where are they found but it's suspected that they would be found across this island, hopefully they wont give us to much trouble."

Weird, who is 'them'? Gelatin just started at the book curiously, he turned the next page, he noticed that the page that it was written had the date '13th December' written on it, a few days before they went missing.

"We have sent out some people to spy on the island across here for investigation of any objects that supposingly live there, for now we need to get ready the experiments that will be held on them."

The top corner of the page had the words '15th December'. Gelatin turned the page again, only to see four words on different paragraphs written on it.

Dont
Let
Them
Out.

Again, who is them? Maybe they will find out later, Gelatin turned the last

page to see..something, creepy. The page is covered in black ink and there are two eyes in the darkness of the paper, staring at him, he got a bit startled but convinced himself that it was just a book, it can't do harmful things. He ignored the page and decided to leave for now as the night grew darker and darker, he signalled his friends to leave with him after their observations, Flower claimed to have found a box under threat table and Taco found something under the bed but can't tell what it was, while Ruby and Loser didn't really found anything.

'Today has been long enough, tomorrow we will check again.'

Words: 1738
Next update:
24 February 2023

Chapter ?*#: Amnesia

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???: *Panting**

[Covers mouth with fear]

[Thumping footsteps]

???: *Snarling**

[Footsteps]

. . .

???: *Crunch* mmmm.....*

[Squishing noises]

[Runs]

[[[[[[[[[[]]]]]]]]]]

Blocky woke up at the brink of dawn, met by the calm sounds of waves crashing against the surface, he opened his eyes to see small stars in the dark sky, soft green grass was below him, where is he?

He sat up to see a familiar area, the island? How did he get here? Blocky

looked around, the forest, the trees, everything seems like just as it was when he was last at Bfb, maybe it was all a dream?

He took a step forward, nothing happened, he took another step, nothing again, he took a moment before he walked forward a bit, he still felt lightheaded and hurt but at least he is back here.

Blocky saw someone waving at him with a wide smile, it's..Leafy? Wait, didn't she died? Maybe it really was a dream..

The cheerful green leaf waved happily at the injured block.

Leafy: Hey Blocky! Over here!

Blocky didn't know what to say, he just stared in disbelief at her, is it really her?

Blocky: L-Leafy...? Is that you?

He didn't hesitate to take steps forward towards Leafy, he felt himself smiled softly, can't believe he is actually back, after all this time? He steps became faster, he suddenly stopped when his head ached, he held his head for a moment before looking back at Leafy, she waved for a while before her smile fell slightly and her arm was just raising up in the air.

Leafy: Come on Blocky! Let's go! Gelatin needs some small food supplies for his and Flower's steakhouse!

Blocky hesitated before walking again, this time he walked slower than before, he made sure that he wouldn't trip or get hurt from something or anything like that.

Suddenly, he felt someone's hand grab him by the wrist, he jolted forward at the sudden touch. He turned back to see a object, another shadow, it started dragging him away from Leafy.

Blocky: H-Hey! What the hell are you doing?

???: *No response**

The object kept dragging him until he saw a metal table with a orange radio on it and two balcony chairs beside both sides of the metal table at

the island's shore, when they reached the table, the figure turned the knob of the radio, only heavy static was heard from the radio, was it broken or something?

It kept turning the knob until it reached a specific number on the radio's red screen, it had the a long string of numbers on it with a decimal at the end.

"1219467029523005413592367452077683657399285016497392 74.2"

What is that supposed to mean? Blocky tried constantly to slip out of the figure's grasp but fails miserably in every way.

Blocky: Let go of me!

The block was frustrated and started pulling hard, trying to get away from it but it wouldn't let go, the figure just stared at the radio.

Moments later, Blocky is yelling at it to let go but despite all of his attempts, it didn't work.

???: Stop struggling.

The figure finally spoke after a few minutes of dealing with the red block's struggling, it seemed like it was starting to get annoyed.

Blocky: *Frustrated tone** Why are you holding me back? And where am I?

???: You want to know? You really want to?

Blocky: No shit, just let me g-

???: You are dead idiot, are you happy?

Blocky stopped struggling, dead? He can't be dead, right...? Otherwise, he would've stopped breathing a long time ago..

Blocky: ...w-what...?

???: There, I said it, you wanted to know why you are here, you want

to go the extra mile and get some proof that you are actually dead?

Blocky: N-no! I-im not dead! Are you trying to threaten me-

???: Im taking that as a yes.

The figure suddenly punched Blocky, it's hand phased through his face, the figure takes out it's hand back out of him, Blocky looked down at himself, and than the figure. Nonono...he can't be dead, not like this! No! He attempted grabbing his own arm, it..went through. Wait, why hasn't he see this place after all the past times he died, is this all a bad dream?

Blocky: Am I in a..dream...?

???: No you certainly aren't.

Blocky: Than WHY am I here?!

He lashed out at the figure, he looked like a total mess, the bandages on his rotting injured arm that is covered in white maggots that he didn't know that was there were already falling off, he had dark eye bags from lack of rest and he was starting to tear up.

???: *Sigh** I'll talk about it later, let's just get back now...

Blocky looked confused, what did it mean by 'get back now'? Get back to where? His headache started coming back already.

Blocky: W-where are we..going?

???: Just keep quiet, the medication they gave you can make you go sick if you have it in large amounts, and you were eating two pills a week, that is already enough to make you go severely ill and very nauseous, it was an experiment on you, a set up, they don't care if you die.

Blocky: Oh....

The figure placed his free hand onto the lowered antenna and pulled it up, for the first few seconds, nothing happened, but the next few, Blocky heard a noise that was coming from the radio, it got louder and louder, he felt like he was floating...

Until...it all turned white for a second, and than the..environment changed, what just ha-

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???: B-Backpack?! Wake up! Please! What happened to you?!

He couldn't open his eyes, or his-other eye, everything was a blur for him, who is calling for who? His body ached with pain, seemed like he was a in a terrible condition, probably should do something about it..

He tried standing up, before falling onto the floor as a miserable attempt, he groaned in pain and frustration, why was it so difficult to see? He saw weird colours in the blue, maybe it's an object of some kind, can't tell who it is though, which was horrible, did he needed glasses or..a prescription or something? What is this pain he is feeling? It was so painful to think about anything.

He felt something on his slightly lower back, was it his straps? It felt like he could..move his straps? It felt kind of fluffy and cold, he couldn't look behind him as he is unable to turn his 'head' towards his back, he wavered them slightly in the air before they literally collapsed onto the floor almost instantly, 'Backpack' seemed too weak to lift them off the ground, maybe he is not ready for that, yet.

???: Are you okay?! What happened to you?! Backpack? Backpack!!

Someone was still screaming at him, tears were streaming down their face, someone else also gradually came in. He was oblivious of his appearance, half of his face is beyond recognition, only the remaining half was the same, his other side was transparent, and had a red label with two big circles and one small on it, the label was fused into the fabric of him, a

blue colour was also on half of his handle, while the other side remained the same as before.

???: Hold on, I...think I- wait- shit- uh-

The lantern started stuttering in between it's words, as if it said something wrong. Wonder what it is. The scented candle looks at it for a moment, it turned away for a second and suddenly turned back, now with widened eyes.

???: You...know what? Never mind....

The other person was holding on to him, before shaking his body furiously, they literally started shouting at him with a weird but monotonous tone? Almost sounded familiar...whatever.

Suddenly, his vision came back and now he could see properly, the other person stopped screaming and let go of him, he fell on the floor face first, he groaned a bit before lifting himself up with his arms on the cold floor.

He looked around to see..a weird looking scented candle and a lantern, they seemed oddly familiar but he didn't care, he just wanted to know where the hell he is.

???: Wait- Airy...?

The scented candle spoke at the lantern, it recognised the voice of the lantern, it sounded like their...host, more like kidnapper though.

Crap...

Airy: Uh...hi....?

The lantern replied awkwardly while having a small smile on his face for some reason, the scented candle just stared into the lantern's eye with widened eyes. Only silence filled the entire room, if a pin was dropped in the room than it would've echoed throughout the walls of the containment room and everyone would've heard it, the scented candle did nothing, only staring at the lantern, shocked. Their host was here..

???: Y-you?! What?!

Airy: What...?

???: You **seriously** don't care that I'm here?! Ha! Of course! You never cared! Do you even realised the TORTURE you put..SO MANY INNOCENT PEOPLE THROUGH?!

Oh shit. She found out, since the scented candle didn't know what their host looked like, she didn't know that it was their host in the same prison, for ALL this time...

???: YOU APATHETIC, DERANGED, PSYCHOPATH!!

Before anything else happened, the scented candle suddenly lunged towards the lantern, yelling incoherent sentences at it with loud and angry sobs, constantly punching it near its chest with hard force, the lantern was shouting at her to stop in between his screams and groans of fear and mostly, pain, the scented candle didn't listened of course, she wants revenge. Even though the lantern helped, the scented candle couldn't forgive him for what he has down to them.

Not long later, the lantern had already passed out due to so much pain, he had stopped struggling with the scented candle as it didn't take note of it and kept punching at it's chest with hard force. 'Backpack' didn't know how to react, but he eventually tried to stop them, mostly because of the lantern literally passing out and the scented candle refuses to give a shit about it, he suddenly pushed the scented candle out of the way and dragged the lantern behind his back.

Everyone else in the room just stared at them, full of shock on every single face. Not like they could really do much, it kind of looked like their fighting was a personal thing anyway.

'Backpack's straps(?) were wavering as if he was blocking the scented candle from hurting the poor lantern, it was like he was taking on some sort of defensive stance. Weird...

???: HEY!!

Backpack(?): Stop.

???: Backpack! Did you even KNOW what he did to you- did to US?!

'Backpack' tilted his head to the left slightly, he was confused on what it meant, but he still had to do something even if the lantern did something bad to them, right?

Backpack(?): Look..I don't know whatever the hell he did to you was bad or something, but his..head is kind of..uh, made of glass, and fragile, you could've killed him, you do know that right?

???: B-but, Backpack? You were so determined to get to him and stop him, what happened to that?

Backpack(?): Wha- what? What do you mean?

???: You don't remember?! All those..seven months we spent on The Plane?! You always talked about how you would kill him and made him send us back..or something...

Kill..? He would never kill..! He won't even consider about it for a moment, especially not just some random guy who is just in pain. Heck, he doesn't even know these people! Did he get involved with them or something? Can't be, if not than he would've remembered it.

Backpack(?): I don't even know this person! I don't even know YOU! What do you mean by 'all the months I have spent on the plane'? What even is the plane, I-I don't think I've been there before!-

The scented candle looks even more confused and frustrated with 'Backpack', he can't remember Airy and her? Was it really that long...? The scented candle tries explaining to the confused weird looking Backpack.

???: I-I'm..Scenty! Don't you know me? We met from ONE? Your name was Backpack! And..he kidnapped us on The Plane to forcefully play a competition! What did he did to you?

Backpack(?): I'm sure he did nothing to me..since I don't even know him, and I was never involved with your trauma or whatever shit you went through..

Backpack(?): Plus,

Who is Backpack?

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:) :) :) :) :)

2113 words
Next update:
28 February 2023

Chapter 14: Revealed

Alarm: *Blaring**

Small groans and yelps had slipped out of the subjects mouth, almost as if..it was their first day all over, maybe the alarm is something that no one could really get used to.

'Paintbrush' wasn't really doing well. In fact, they actually had two small weird things bulging out of their back mid way, it was kind of scary and very disturbing, was it a bone? No one really knows. They were rolling around in their sleep all night, the bulging 'bones' were disturbing them, not much sleep did they had that night.

'Paintbrush' looked around the room for a moment, before walking randomly in a direction that was not thought out much, they just started moving their legs, they were brought out of the room about a day ago in the very early morning, a check up happened and it turned out that they were just knocked out for some odd reason.

Balloon also came back a while ago, but Nickel did not, Balloon's appearance was also different, the form is the same, just with different colours and shapes, Balloon had a salmon red on a half of his face, while the other had a slightly dark grey with it, there were still small traces of salmon red in the grey while on the original side, some small grey circles and shapes were seen on them, he looked traumatised and confused at the same time.

Paintbrush looks at them for a moment, before turning back to look at the floor, they were not interested with him.

It's been hours after the weird looking backpack had came back, he was..actually kind of harmless, the scented candle was with him and was talking to him but Paintbrush couldn't hear a thing they said, since they were too far away from them, they should probably talk to someone.

Candle had been with Clover for a while, making sure that she was all safe and alright, how nice of her.

They would just sit beside each other and talk occasionally, Clover was still confused of Candle's long face, whenever something bad was going to happen, Candle would tell Clover to cover her eyes or sometimes she would cover her eyes for her, hoping that she didn't make a single peep.

Airy was found missing this morning..not much to say about him.

Blocky also went missing. Actually no, he was very much dead, the infection on his arm had caused him to get a disease and he died in the middle of the night, how sad..

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???: Remember, just look out for traces of sand or anything, got it?

Blocky: Yeah yeah yeah, whatever.

The two crossed over the wet rocks as they moved forward from a land to another one, a river of water was crashing through the hard rocks as they finally took their last steps to the next land.

Blocky: *Impatient** When are we there...

???: Soon, this should be it actually, let me check...

Blocky: Yeah right...

The figure went down the small slope down the land, they found a desert, cactuses and..objects? They made a slight gasp before climbing up the slope and grabbed the red block down with it, he didn't like the fact that it had to pull him around when he can walk by himself.

Moments later, they reached the entrance of the desert, in the far distance there is green land, tall mountains were in the background and a large forest could be seen.

Both of them started walking to the land, despite the long distance, they still had the motivation to go there by foot, after that they found small rocks and red blisters on each other's foots and went to the green land with many regrets.

Blocky: Remind me why are we here again? Uh, mister.

Blocky asked, breaking the silence between them, the figure groaned slightly since he has been telling him for several times.

???: You may be free from that hell hole but your friends aren't, that's why we are here, to find other objects for assistance of their whereabouts.

Blocky: ...oh, right...

Blocky just stared down at the ground, he really needed a break, a nap, sleep and a lot of rest, but the figure wouldn't let him, saying that his friends are in serious danger and that he can sit out if he didn't care, kind of sounded like a threat but whatever.

He mumbled silently after the figure's response before staying silent once again.

The figure eventually arrived at a tall building, it was infested with bugs, mold, rust, literally a living nightmare. They went inside, it was in the least have more hospitality than what it looks from the outside, it had a vibrant colour, it contained furnitures like couches, lamps, a table and plants, there even was an elevator at the end of the room, along with a long staircase that seemed to lead upstairs.

The figure dragged Blocky into the elevator, once they entered, the figure pressed the top floor button and stood motionlessly. As the elevator carried them up, Blocky decides to strike a conversation with the figure.

Blocky: Hey, just wondering but..what's your name?

???: *No response**

Blocky: Come on! Can you at least answer my question? You have been ignoring me the whole trip here!

???: ...Fealy..

The figure started to fidget their fingers in nervousness after their introduction for some reason, Blocky is a bit confused by this.

Blocky: Oh, okay..

Fealy? Weird name but it's unique. The elevator doors open with a small ding, the two were about to leave when the sunlight suddenly beamed through their eyes, causing Blocky to go blind temporarily, the shadow was not visible anymore.

The figure's dark void colour of their appearance had showed the moment extreme light had hit it, but Blocky could only see a orange and green blur beside him, suddenly the colours started shaking a lot, Fealy was just looking side by side before running off.

Blocky: Wha- Hey! Where are you going?!

Blocky endured the brightness, he stumbled forward and than started running towards the green and orange colours, he put his hand above his eyes to get some shelter, it worked his vision came back and he could focus in front of him, the green and orange colours had turned into a weird blade leaf like thing. It was running but eventually there was nowhere else to go, they were standing at the edge of the roof top, it turned back to see Blocky and a familiar face showed by the light..

Blocky: Wait...Leafy?!

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My name is not Leafy.

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Help us...

Words: 1229
Next update:
N/A

A/N: Hi, it's me, your weirdly bad writer here..! I am sorry to say this but..this book will be put on hiatus, that means it's postponed, maybe until March Holidays because school really hit my writing schedule hard, also every time I publish a new chapter I get scared, and when I'm writing I am face to face with stress on this, Im kind of scared that it turns out bad, causing the quality of the recent chapters to go downhill, so I'm taking a break, I apologise if this makes you angry or sad or whatever, or whatever inconvenience caused somehow, but I will be back soon. Hope to see you next time!

Chapter 15: Save Them

Cw(s):
- Heavy Gore
- Cannibalism

It's morning again, headache got even more worse than it could be somehow but can't really do anything about it, might as well suck it up and just go along the day.

Everyone was hungry, very, very hungry, they'll probably die in the next week or two if they don't get anything to feed on. Maybe they should send a signal for food or something..ugh, too tired to even do that.

Bryce was as hungry as ever, eating off on his own would definitely destroy his health and mental state and he would certainly not recover, not after..taking a bite. He looked at his arm for moment, yeah there is no way he is going to eat off his own flesh.

He looked around for a moment, before his eyes caught on a certain object, Amelia...she wouldn't mind if he took a small bite right? He crept up to the blue candle without her noticing, before lunging towards the candle's arm and quickly biting onto it, his sharp canine teeth ripped through her skin in an instant, blood was already starting to run down onto the floor. Amelia was caught off guard, she yelped and collapsed on the floor, before screaming in pain, but Bryce ignored the screams of plead and continued to mercilessly bite through her flesh.

It took only in a matter of seconds before a fairly large piece of flesh was torn out of her arm, it felt slimy and gross but he was willing to consume her flesh, Amelia looked at her arm while Bryce was just sitting there and staring at the floor near, the piece of her arm was visible inside of his plastic. He looked up towards the horrified candle, he didn't know what came over him but he tried apologizing, like it was going to work somehow.

Bryce: S-sorry..I was, hungry....

Amelia: Why?! I know you are hungry but you didn't needed to eat a part of my arm!

Bryce: I-...*needed to...*

Oh no, Bryce was hangry. Only 'Backpack' could watch, the soda bottle lunged at Amelia again, this time more quicker and farther than last time, he bite into her 'chest' which caused some of the glass to crack and fly everywhere, Amelia was screaming in agony as Bryce dug his arm through her skin, blood was flowing out of the giant hole in a overwhelming amount, so much that Pin fainted and collapsed in the background.

For some reason, no one could move, not even 'Backpack', like something was holding them back, the only thing they could do was watch in horror as the soda bottle dug her organs out of her body, her screams had finally calmed down but she still was alive, very barely, with a face of horror. Bryce took one of the pieces of organs that he had dug out and starting eating it, he looked like he was driven to high insanity, his pupils had turned red, and blood was stained almost on every part of his body, the piece that he had ate went down had dropped down inside of him, it was at the bottom of the soda bottle and it was visible. He started shoving pieces in his mouth and forced himself to down them all.

He continued devouring each piece one by one and eventually...all that was left was... skin.. blood... and glass....

Bryce.. what have you done?

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???: Wake up...

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???: Wake up...

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They are waiting for you....

Get up...

Candle was lying on her back, recollecting the events of earlier, which haunted her mind limitlessly, staring at the grey abyss of the roof, they seemed to stretch out higher but in reality they were just plain normal roofs. Bryce is back in the asylum room, while Amelia.. she didn't make it, of course she couldn't, not after having her organs eaten. Death is coming for them....

She felt like she could've done something, only if she had reacted in time, Clover was beside her, just sitting up and looking at the floor, sadness filled inside of her, wow new feeling..

Was there someone speaking to her earlier? Someone was calling her or something, but no one was there, only Clover was beside her but her mouth was kept shut.

Candle had already saw the signs and everything, but something had grabbed her and rooted her in position, like a mannequin. She chided herself, was it her fault for not doing anything? Even if she couldn't?Only regret sank inside of her.

She only stared at the floor, emptiness filled her eyes, she slightly tear up, almost like she was about to silently cry.

???: Wake up, they are waiting...

The floor suddenly cracked a bit, followed by loud rumbling, small cracks started rising up the walls, small openings became more visible but only revealed a void that led to nothing.

Clover: Candle! What's happening?!

Candle didn't even care, she just sat there while Clover started panicking, her eyes were shot open and she had a face of distress, everyone was gone and voices started speaking through the darkness of the void, small beady

eyes opened themselves in there, just mindlessly staring at the two.

Eventually, both ends met, the cracks across the room reached towards each other and the room falls apart into metal scraps, a hole opened up and everything from above fell below.

Candle felt like crying, but she was too tired to do so, she just looked up, the last thing she saw was the eyes staring down at her as the darkness devoured them...

And it all went silent.

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???: Candle?!

???: Wake up!

???: Candle...?

???: CANDLE!?

She is suddenly awoken by a voice, it sounded familiar, who is it?

Candle opens her eyes, only to see palm trees and the calm orange sky, it felt like she was back, what happened? She sat up, a figure is staring at her, it's an object, it's... Mephone?

Mephone: Well, your finally awake, thanks for screaming The Floor. *Sarcastically**

The Floor: Your welcome!

There was some smugness in The Floor's sentence and even smirked a bit.

Mephone: Let me just say this, the show is cancelled since almost everyone is gone, so we can focus on your own being, not because I care about you people, I'm just not willing to go back to jail for another lawsuit!

Candle was upset about the show being cancelled, but there is nothing that she can do about it. She looked around, only to find some of the people who weren't caught, but she was the only who came back, where were the rest?

Candle: Where is... everyone else?

Mephone looked a bit nervous about it.

Mephone: We only got you out of there, they had high security, plus you have telepathic powers so you can help us out with the rest.

Candle took a while to process what Mephone said but nodded, just to not keep him waiting, silence could be deadly.

The Mephone stood up and walked away, The Floor following behind him with a smile to himself.

Someone walked up towards Candle.

Bot: Hey, you doing okay?

Candle: Yes I'm fine dear.

Candle replied with a forced smile, still showing some sadness in her tone.

Bot: I know it feels...weird to be out of the world suddenly after being isolated for so long, it must've have been shocking to you.

Candle seemed a bit surprised, but she was right, everything that is related to the outside world seemed more unfamiliar than before.

Bot: Maybe I could cheer you up!

The pink bot smiled widely, almost reminded her of 'Paintbrush' and their creepy wide smile.

Bot: How about we ask each other questions! You know like, nice questions, questions that we are curious about or just want to know the answer!

Candle softly smiled a bit, she liked the Bot's personality, so caring and

nice. She nodded as a reply.

Bot: Okay, you start!

She thought for a bit, before answering.

Candle: I wonder why the sky is blue, and than other times some other colours.

The two talked to each other, saying some theories about the other's question or giving and exact answer but that didn't happened too often.

The sun was soon setting, it was beautiful, the vivid orange covered the skies, and from another side of the island, it would be red and purple, the breeze made the lush green bushes waver and leaves fly away like birds.

Bot: That was really fun! Can we do it again next time?

Candle: Yeah, sure.

The bot took a while, before coming up to her and hugging her short arms around Candle, she hugged back.

'When a day comes down, another one rises up.'

1471 words
Next update:
19 March 2023

Chapter 16: Emergency

Gelatin sat silently inside of his tent, he had placed his portable lantern on his sleeping bag, it was still lit as a source of light which was a fire hazard but he didn't really care, he just looked at the book in curiosity.

The book had a few other pages that he didn't opened because it started raining when they reached back to that potato garden, Gelatin was right, the footprints were gone when it started to pour.

Rain drops land and break when they hit the tent's roof, almost as if the rain was attempting to make the tent fall down.

Just two days ago he got injured by a wild cat for some reason, it had caused a scratch across one of his arms and it was bandaged up for recovery, it still hurt and the pain worsened when it was in contact with water but he endured it, for Teardrop, for the lost team members of the Newbie Alliance.

He looked down at the book, reading each word that was written on it, the handwriting was hard to understand but he eventually found out the letters and what were they saying.

Someone came in his tent.

It was Flower, she was holding onto a vibrant red umbrella above her, showing a empty expression on her.

Flower: Are you okay if I stay here for a while?

Gelatin: Yeah, come in.

She went in, once she closed the umbrella, she placed it neatly beside her and sat down with him.

Gelatin wasn't used to much company after the incident, Lollipop was in a

different tent, a purple one with a fork label on it, obviously advertising her products and saying that she is the owner.

Lollipop hasn't come out ever since, probably because of fear. Teardrop was her favourite of the Newbie Alliance since she would listen to her in silence while sometimes even helping her, when she was the few to go missing that unfortunate day, Lollipop missed her the entire time.

Flower: What's that...?

Flower points at the book in between Gelatin's hands, he notices that she was curious of the book like he was in the cabin.

Gelatin: Eh, some weird old book I found, with weird stuff in it...

Flower: Can I see it?

Gelatin: Yeah, sure whatever.

He passes the book towards her. Flower took the book and looked at the cover for a moment, thought that she saw a word or two but there didn't seemed to be any, she opened the book and found paragraphs filled of many words on the first page.

To anyone who is reading this, than you have found nothing other than a note, or what seems like a made up story but it's actually very real.

I have come to this cabin, knowing that you would find this, so whatever you do, don't throw this away, its your only hope.

You might be able to find your friends with my help, I know they are missing, and they are in serious danger so I will guide you to them, it will not be safe but it's for the sake of your friends lives and maybe even your own.

She turned the page, some weird sketching was at the very bottom of the page, seemed to be a sketch of a note with rows of many numbers on them, at the top there were more words.

I will update this with a new page everyday to give you clues, make sure to keep an eye out for anything though.

I know where they are, because I was once one of them. Trust me, I know everything that will, is and has happened.

Looked like it was written with a pen or something, Flower and Gelatin did not understand what it meant but it mentioned something about their missing friends, maybe this person knows something.

On the other page, there were just a few words, the ones that Gelatin saw before, the first page looked like it was poorly stapled to the book, Gelatin didn't remember the first page being like this but he must've accidentally skipped a page or something.

Flower stared at the book for a moment, while Gelatin just kept quiet, the only sound that was heard was the rain drops pouring on the tent.

Flower: What do you think that means?

Flower finally asks, just wondering what Gelatin is thinking about it and also to have a possibility of getting a location to their friends.

Gelatin: I don't know.

Gelatin replied blandly, he was as confused as she was. The both just stared at the book with the same amount of confusion as the other.

Maybe the others could help them out, wonder what they are doing now.

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Basketball and Grassy walked together with stacks of paper, missing posters. They would go around the area and paste them on anything with duct tape.

Basketball had Grassy beside her, he carried a stack of missing posters and his free hand just held onto Basketball's side.

They would walk together everyday just to print posters and go out to paste them on something, several posters with different people on each,

they thought that putting up missing posters would help them to find them and raised some awareness for people who didn't listened to the daily news, since they won't really know what is going on. Despite all their efforts, nothing has changed.

Basketball: Hey Grassy? Do you think we should continue doing this? We aren't really making a difference with this.

Grassy: Grassy thinks that we should continue! For our friends!

His blades of grass wavered around as he smiled warmly and raised his hands above himself at Basketball, even though his voice was kind of cracking, it was still nice to hear it.

Basketball smiled softly and they both walked towards the last bit of the area to put up the last few of posters in the stack.

After the last poster was on the wall, they were completed with their work for the day, now they have some free time to spent.

The two ran back to the towering building, there were all types of rooms were at each level, since they were alone and the elevator was finally fixed they could just take the elevator up instead of taking the more tedious and long way.

They both were excited about what the next activity is, contestants from other teams will come together and do a activity about everyday of the week to help them calm down, they would do icebreaker games, random quizzes or physical activities which was snowball's most favorite, and the wheel of fun.

Icebreaker games were to get to know each other better than before and forge new friendships or better knowledge of one another.

The random quizzes are usually held my Golfball and Tennis ball because most of it had stuff to do with science and mathematics.

Physical activities are just what they sound like, it's Snowball's favorite because he would get to kick and punch things, he is also quite good at it.

And the wheel of fun, something that was taken from the challenge wheel a few years ago, it is filled of challenges that were once on it, like tug of

war, making yoyle cake and many more.

Today is the wheel of fun, it is spun by Teardrop just like last time, of course Two let's them do all these things for fun and just to catch a break of the competition, and also the disappearances. Except the problem is that Teardrop wasn't there, so Fries had to do it instead. Felt kind of sad, she just joined and she had to compete all alone, now she is missing.

Before Fries could even get his hand of the wheel, screams were heard above them, sounded unfamiliar, might be from one of the not chosen contestant's rooms.

Fries: Ugh, someone go check up there!

Basketball: I'll do it! Come on Grassy! Let's go!

Grassy: Grassy is coming!

Grassy hop onto her and they take off to the elevator again. Once they entered, Basketball pressed the rooftop level, the elevator was fixed by Golfball and now it can go a 'bit' faster.

The moment the door closed, the elevator went up faster than ever, Basketball flinched and started screaming, Grassy just sat there with a smile, it only took a seconds before the elevator went 'ding!' And the doors slowly open to reveal the floors of the rooftop.

There was flames brought upon some parts of the flooring, Basketball coughed at the smell of heavy smoke, parts of the floor were so burnt that they had been burnt out of recognition. A figure stood in the middle, roaring in anger at someone, and the one standing on the other side was...

Blocky?!

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1519 words
Next update:
26 March 2023

[A/N: Also I might make some art for this soon, I know that the art I have

made in the past was, terrible, but trust me, I have improvised- I mean improved for this 😉]

Chapter 17: Who Are You?

Basketball: Blocky?!

They all looked at each other, shocked. It seemed like Blocky was being yelled at someone, that someone looked like a bit Leafy but is barely recognizable.

Basketball: Wait, Leafy...? What are you both doing up here?!

Fealy: Um, you explain, I've already been through enough, you can repay me for saving you.

Blocky: What? When did that... ugh, fine. Both of us us are here because Fealy led us here and we are looking for something, like- uh... a blue sticky note around here?

Blocky looks at Fealy with the 'Did I say that properly or did I just accidentally lied to them', Fealy shook her 'head' and put a thumbs up.

Blocky: Y-yeah, that's it.

Basketball and Grassy looked at each other with confusion, why are they looking for that?

Basketball: A blue note? What for?

Blocky: Something to do with me and your friend's disappearances, I'm sure you know that Pin and a few other people on this side is missing, right?

Basketball couldn't see the relevance of the blue note and their missing friends. Grassy is just sitting there with no idea what's going on.

Basketball: How are the sticky notes relevant to some missing people?

Blocky: Uh... Fealy? Explain?

Blocky looked at Fealy anxiously, she didn't really explain how they were any relevance, she just said that it was needed.

Fealy: Oh, I'm not allowed to tell you that for now, but you still have to trust me on this.

Fealy said blankly, sounding more monotonous and confident than before, the others were kind of shocked by the sudden change of tone in her voice but wasn't really effected by it, though she did sounded like a robot for a moment.

Grassy hopped off of Basketball and was about to go for the elevator when Basketball stopped him.

Basketball: Hey! Grassy where are you going?

Grassy: Grassy needs to tell his friends, Grassy will be back in a bit...

He said with a innocent tone, he tried pressing the elevator buttons but soon found out that he was too short and couldn't reach for them, he looked helpless as he stretched his arms and legs as high as possible, eventually giving up.

Basketball saw the small one struggle and pushed the 'down' button with her side.

Basketball: Tell everyone, okay? I will be dealing with them.

Grassy: Grassy will be okay.

With that, Grassy pushed the ground floor button just barely and the elevator doors soon closed, the elevator sank down into the bottom quickly and he would soon reach.

There was silence between the three of them, other than the weird fire crackling noises from Fealy, she decides to strike a conversation.

Fealy: How about we looked for them together?

Basketball: Than that sounds like a plan! What are we looking out for again?

Blocky: Blue sticking note...

Fealy: It's blue **sticky** note, and yes.

Blocky gives her an annoyed face, small glint of anger sparked inside of him, being corrected and pushed around by this duplicate of his close friend, friend his ass...

Basketball: So.. let's get to it than! Y'know?

Both(Fealy & Blocky): Fine.

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A translucent triangle appears in the sky, changing shades of blue and grey and twitching a lot, like it's having a seizure.

Suddenly, the triangles disappear and a blue note glides down from the wind. Basketball is the first one to see it.

Basketball: Hey look! I see the sticky note! Wait, how do I grab it.. I don't uh, have hands. Um, Guys?

Fealy: Oh shit-

Blocky: Well what the hell are you doing just standing there? Grab it!

Fealy: Aren't you like the sports guy or something? Why don't you go off the building and prove it?

Anger sparks again.

Blocky: Wha- that doesn't make sense-

Basketball: It's going down!

Blocky suddenly lifted the unsuspecting Leaf up and threw her towards the gliding blue note, his hand burnt a bit but he was fine, while Fealy was not really having a good time.

Her light weight had caused her to fall down at a slower rate than usual, she crashed into the note and in a miracle it doesn't get burnt.

She was quick but careful to grab it, she saw a address on it and at the back, a long string of numbers followed.

The words above said 'The lab', she finally found the use of this body, the

use of this object, she can glide down slowly so that she won't crash on the floor and die in agony, and vengeance.

Fealy: I caught it!-

Her celebration was interrupted by her body hitting the ground, it wasn't very painful but it still hurt anyway.

Both Blocky and Basketball looked down for a moment, before laughing by accident, such a serious person can make a mistake like that? Can't tell them that's not funny, plus even if she died than Two can recover her.

Blocky: *Yelling** Hey! You good down there?

The red block sticks himself out of the building and looks that at the bottom, he puts his hand to his mouth and opens his mouth.

Fealy: *Yelling back** Don't worry, I'm fine!

Blocky: *Yelling** What?

Fealy: *Yelling louder** I'm fine!

Blocky: *Shouting** I can't hear you!

Fealy: *Yelling even louder** What did you say?

The both ended up yelling at each other for a few moments, while Basketball awkwardly just stands there and staring at both of them, while trying not to burst out laughing.

Fealy was pretty frustrated with the stupid block and decides to just get back up there.

The sun started settling behind the mountains in the background, the clear skies are filled with a gradient of orange and purple, once Fealy came back, Basketball perked up.

Basketball: Hey it's almost sun set, do you guys have a place to rest or something?

Blocky: Um- no...?

Basketball: How about you guys sleep here? I could get some sleeping bags for you to rest!

It took a while for the both to decide, but they eventually agreed with the idea, it was better than sleeping with the bugs at night.

Basketball went down to the storage room to get unused sleeping bags, leaving the the two alone. Blocky looked at Fealy for a moment, before elbowing the unsuspecting leaf.

Fealy was surprised by the movement and instantly became annoyed.

Fealy: Hey! What gives?!

Blocky: *No response but smirks a bit**

Hehe, revenge.

The block thoughts to himself with a smug smile plastered on his face, while looking away from the confused and angered leaf.

Basketball comes back up with Grassy and the sleeping bags, a generous smile on their faces as they handed over their 'beds'.

Basketball: Hope you enjoy your time here! It was a good day, good night!

Grassy: I'm Grassy!

The elevator doors close once again, the two were by themselves again. The two settled the 'beds' right beside each other, and both sat on them. Fealy decides to start up a conversation.

Fealy: Do you think that they will release them?

Blocky: What? Of course not, you think they would release them after all those 'years' of isolation and endless experiments?

Fealy: It was only for a month or two Blocky, and maybe yes, cause maybe they thought that mercilessly cutting objects in half and sew them all together to make an absolute abomination is wrong and very, very, extremely **wowzers** illegal.

Blocky: ...

Fealy: Sorry, I haven't been able to hold these feelings up for a while, I need to vent.

Blocky: I guess it's alright, I'm not the type of guy to be a therapist or anything- but...! If you have any problems, than you can call me.

Fealy: Don't make me laugh Blocky, you? Out of EVERY single person in this building or whatever, wants to be my therapist? Ha! No, and you also have anger issues.

Blocky: Alright fine, if you're really okay without my therapy idea or something.

Fealy: Yep! I will be just fine! I'm just gonna stop ***bottling*** up my anger..

Blocky: Wait.. bottling?

Bottling?

Bottling...

Bottling...

Bottle.

The organs.

The blood.

The cracks.

The eyes.

The voices.

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The accident

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1784 words
Next update:
1 April 2023

Chapter 18: Pass Out

Alarm: *Blaring**

Ugh, mornings nowadays, so boring yet so painful and unproductive, how much worse can it get?

Apparently, there were maggots on a particular part of the floor, where a recent death had happened, which was the death of Amelia, seemed that the maggots appeared from somewhere to feed on remaining meat scraps that they can find when they didn't clean it throughly.

It was eerily quiet, more silent than before, if not than usual. Maybe everyone had woken up by how dangerous this place can be, of course they would be, after seeing the insanity this place gives off, they obviously wouldn't want to stay here any longer.

Speaker: ***Morning, subject 38 and 24, approach the door right now.***

And the speaker off, very little information was given but it was enough to follow. Paintbrush looked down at their tag, a curious smile was on their face and it became slightly wider.

Paintbrush: Ooh, I had a name tag? That's a neat!

Paintbrush said as they happily skipped their way towards the door, while also mumbling a few other words, they saw 'Backpack' with the name tag '38' on it. They try striking a conversation.

Paintbrush: Hello! I'm subject 24! Nice to meet you! Your name is pretty neat too!

The paintbrush exclaimed, 'Backpack' just stares at them with a confused and annoyed look on his face. Looked like he didn't had good sleep for a while.

Before anything else happened with them, the metal door opens, a figure about Paintbrush's height stood there, waiting for them.

???: Come on, we got work to do.

Paintbrush: Can't wait!

The three walked through the long hallway, seeing many doors on the way, the figure stopped at one particular door.

The figure pointed towards it, signalling them to get in, the two hurriedly went him, trying not to anger the person.

They were greeted with a large opening, there were two chairs and tables at the side with several pieces of papers and had a computer on one of them.

A person was sitting on one of the chairs, when the person saw them, he stared at them for a moment before giving a thumbs up, the scientist that was with the two objects nodded their head, before taking out a controller and pointing it at the two, Paintbrush and 'Backpack' looked a bit startled, and than the scientist pressed the button.

There was a moment of silence, before Paintbrush felt something at their bracelet, they looked down at their wrist and saw that the bracelet had a green colour on it.

It took a while before suddenly, a sharp electrifying pain travelled through their wrist, causing Paintbrush to jump.

Paintbrush: O-ow... hey that kind of h-hurts...

'Backpack' only groaned a bit, his eyes twitched occasionally and so did his handle, the pain started getting more intense, before he couldn't take it anymore.

'Backpack': Ow! Stop!

He gripped he wrist in pain, it started feeling like it was numb but the pain level rose sharply.

'Backpack' felt themself tearing up a little, he grip on his wrist got tighter,

as if he was squeezing it.

Backpack: OW! MAKE IT STOP MAKE IT STOP!

He screamed and begged for him to stop but he just stared down as the both of them groaned and screamed in pain.

Paintbrush: Ow ow ow! I'm...feeling....dizzy.... Ugh...

Paintbrush felt their eyesight blurring and they collapsed on the floor unconscious, Backpack on the other hand, couldn't breathe. The feeling made it feel like his airways closed and he sounded like he was suffocating, like a fish out of water he struggled and rolled around on the floor while his hand were wrapped around his 'neck' , all his cries for help were in vein.

The scientist dragged him by his handle against the table and left him leaning on the side, the person grabbed one of the computer's keyboard and smashed it on Backpack's 'head', he screamed and cried, his tears stained the fabric and dripped down off his label. He eventually tire out and passed out unconscious.

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Chapter 19: All Together

Lollipop: Do we SERIOUSLY have to do this?

Gelatin: Sorry Lolly, it's the best way.

Gelatin gave Lollipop a pat on her 'shoulder', with a sorrowful look on his face, while Lollipop stood there staring at Profiley with some slight anger in her.

Profiley: Yeah! It will be fun! And I get to see my other good friends again!

Four: Too bad Profiley, but I DON'T approve of this, they all literally betrayed me!

Four said in anger and vengeance, he could never forget or forgive what they had done, taking his contestants away from Four was absolutely unforgivable for him. He was a fan, he was a host, he was meant to be loved, he WANTED to be loved, but instead he got rejected over another stupid number from his planet.

Both Lollipop and Profiley yelled at each other for a few moments, until finally Lollipop gave in and Profiley was really happy of that.

They all boarded on the normal bus and started their journey to where they once called it, home.

This time, Profiley drove the bus since he really was the only one who knew the directions to the place, since he was the one who brought Teardrop there for some reason.

After hours of driving, they finally arrived at their destination, but it felt unfamiliar, the grass was yellow and the trees and bushes were green? Who changed the colours, when Four saw green he felt some sort of anger as it reminded him of Two.

Profiley: Up there!

Profiley pointed at a tall building that was definitely not there before, it was a hotel and it was very tall, but it looked kind of abandoned still.

They ran up the staircases until they reached a level, a group of familiar objects stood close together, familiar voices argued with a orange basketball and a few blades of grass.

Arguing about something about letting strangers in the premises of the building, wonder what's that about.

Profiley knocked twice on the door, a few minutes later he kicked down the door with the most excited face ever seen, or the only one since no one really knew he existed and he is still somewhat unnoticeable.

The objects turned with a shocked look, while some glared at him, some welcomed him with a warm smile, Bell and Eggy was one of them for sure, they didn't really mind Profiley's random appearances and his own presence itself, though they don't know much or even his personality and name, they still act with a motherly like personality.

Profiley: Hey guys! It's me, Profiley! I just wanted to-

Snowball: Quick! Activate the defence thingy!

Basketball: Um, it's called the Combustible Rocket 2000, and also why would I-

Snowball: Just do it! I wanna see him EXPLODE!

With that, the Basketball pressed the remote controller. Suddenly, a part of the floor opened up and a launcher like machine rose from the hole below, a red rocket was sitting inside of it. In seconds, the launcher launched the rocket at Profiley and the little guy shot out of the door and he was blasted away.

Profiley: Alright never mind! See you later...

Snowball had a large grin on his face, he let out a small chuckle, but upon seeing Bfb contestants, he came to a stop when he realised that Blocky wasn't there.

Snowball: Wait, where's Blocky?

Snowball asked since he hasn't been told that he was already here, just hidden with someone else.

Basketball: He is-

Ruby: He got taken away! But it's fine because we came to ask you about our stuff!

Taco: Please, it's important. Also I'm sure some of Two's contestants are also missing, right?

The ball of snow looked a bit surprised.

Snowball: How did you know! *Gasp** Were you.. SPYING ON US?!

Taco: W-what?! No! We-

Before she finished her sentence, Snowball punched her in the face, knocking her out cold.

Snowball: WHOSE NEXT?!

He stood upon Taco's body, showing a fighter like posture, he looked like he was going to throw everyone out.

Suddenly, Bell smashed herself into his body, knocking him unconscious, everyone covered their 'ears' upon hearing the loud ring from Bell.

Bell: Sorry! I had to, he was just being so annoying! What do you want from us?

Flower stood forward, she didn't know what to say but she knew what she needed to ask.

Flower: We wanted you to.. help us find our- your friends, they went missing so we just want your help...! Uh... yeah, yeah.

She sounded quite nervous since she was more cautious of her surroundings and wanted to made sure that she could speak without any interruptions.

It was silent for a moment before someone stepped up from the crowd.

Tree: Yeah, sure. If it means saving another life than you got the right people.

Bottle: Yay! Adventure!

The glass bottle exclaimed happily, while also agreeing to what Tree said.

Black Hole: Yeah, plus some of our teammates are gone and we need them back here to save more lives so I'm willing to join too.

One by one, people from the crowd agreed to one another and soon almost everyone joined in.

Only a few other people didn't join, Basketball and Grassy didn't join because of 'personal reasons', Eggy didn't joined since she was simply too fragile, Clock and Yellow Face didn't joined since one was too scared to mess up and the other just wanted to advertise random stuff, Cake, Price Tag and Naily didn't joined because she doesn't want to be eaten by random things and Naily wanted to keep her company, and so did Price Tag, Puffball didn't went because she was not trusted by GB and TB.

Gelatin: Okay! That settles it! For people who didn't joined, you will be taking care of this.. place, so onward!

They all officially started to go on, Ruby took out her trusty FreeSmart Super Van, apparently flying objects were more than happy to help, too bad Puffball couldn't go, she would have been useful for that.

And they started their official journey to Yoyle City to save them. There would be many challenges, but it will all be worth it in the end...

Right?

||||||

release date.]

Chapter 20: Vents

Lightning: Are you sure we should do this?

Remote: Just do it.

Lightning wasn't sure if he was meant to do this but as long as it was safe for him and everyone else than he won't mind after all. He levitated up to the roof the room and reached his hands on the vent, once he gripped on the vent tightly, he pulled the vent lid as hard as possible, while making a noise which showed that he was definitely struggling.

Everyone else from below was looking up at him, with a few nervous looks. Teardrop just stared into the ground, ever since Stone went missing, she kind of missed him, he was like her relative or something, they had so much in common, she wasn't sure when Stone was coming back but hopefully soon.

Lightning: Sorry, I can't pull the lid off. It's screwed tight.

Remote: Maybe it needs a screwdriver.

Fanny: I HATE SCREWDRIVERS!

The blue fan yelled angrily, Fanny wasn't at all happy with the plan, the plan to get out of here, but she hated death more than anything. Her eyebrows were furrowed and she was tip toeing on her two legs as she continued yelling at Lightning that she hates this. A lot. But luckily Lightning managed to ignore her.

Pin: How about we throw something at it?

Pin asked as she was looking around, getting ready to take a person and launching them at the vent and the vent bursting open, that was what she imagined in her mind.

Lightning: Maybe.. not, might end up killing someone, I think we should just do what Remote said.

Fanny: I HATE WHAT REMOTE SAID!

Lighting: *Mumbles* Shut up.*

Lightning was visibly annoyed by Fanny as she said similar sentences very often, including every situation that has a bad time to speak in. He flew back down with a slightly disappointed look while Remote thought through and through about the vent.

It was kind of concerning that the two other objects have not come back, and so did Soda Bottle, but it seemed that he was with Backpack, 'safe and sound'.

Pin was just sitting with Teardrop and Fanny, chatting about something out of the ordinary.

Pin: I remember a minute ago, I imagined you as a tree! And Fanny was a bush!

Remote: ...okay.

Fanny: I HATE BUSHES!

Ah yes, Fanny was right. She was one of those psychopaths that brings people to insanity during their free time, by talking absolute nonsense that brings many people to the brink of insanity, in a jokingly or playful manner of course, though Pin should probably not have even said a word as that was a terrible timing, many find her annoying nowadays. Especially Fanny.

Pin: I also imagined Raindrop as a puddle of water!

Lightning: Her name isn't Raindrop? It's Teardrop.

Lightning overheard their conversation, a weird things about Pin is that she also gets other object's names wrong but related to them, like the other day she called Lightning as Thunder, Remote as Tv Controller, and now Teardrop as Raindrop.

Pin: Potato, tomato! Teardrop is the same as that! What's the difference?

Remote: Teardrops come from someone who is crying from an emotional breakdown or when someone activates a... 'sensitive spot' in their brain which releases chemicals that activate them to cry and raindrops come from water that evaporates and condenses to its surroundings and go up to the sky, if heavy enough than they form rain. At least, I think that's the difference.

Fanny: I HATE RAIN!

Lightning: Jeez, didn't needed that entire explanation. I will just fly back to the vent I guess.

Pin: Eh, whatever. Both are made of water and that's what counts!

Lightning ignored what Pin said and just flew back up to the vent and went back to attempting to pull it off, even though it was probably not going to work, at least he is trying.

He always wondered how he could levitate but he wasn't really complaining, if it helped him save a person's life, than he is grateful for that. Though, he did mess up a challenge or two because of it and sometimes he doesn't even use it, so it was kind of useless at the time. He also wondered what it was like to have legs, but he'd rather just fly instead of walking because it may feel pretty tedious after some time.

He also couldn't figure out why he could just fly like it is nothing like, 'yeah, I'm flying' but it's not like most people can do it. So why was he being so fine with it? Man all the things people wonder nowadays.

Also where did those two incredibly traumatic, violent and weird looking people went? They have been gone for quite some time, so where are they? The answer is probably..no idea, great.

Hopefully they finally get out of here, it can get very boring and weird, like being in Gelatin's steakhouse or bake house, or being at a school party. Especially when you find your teacher in public, ugh, those encounters usually do not end well.

Tick. Tock. Tick. Tock. Tick. Tock...

Ring!!

...

Ring!!-

*Click**

.....

"Hello?"

...

"Yes..that's me."

...

"What? Can you repeat?"

...

"Oh, yeah. About that..she uh, run away from home, I think..."

...

"No, I can't find her. And the same goes to the police."

...

"I'm sorry, I tried already... she-"

CRASH!!

"H-hello?! Are you okay?!"

"What happened?!"

.....

"Hi, it's..me. Your..subject. I have your..daughter, she will be..gone

for a while. You won't mind if I...*borrow her?"*

"I-"

"Yes, I have your daughter. I'm afraid that..she will not be coming back, but... *Fortunately*, she won't..*have* to see her parents in such a..*condition*."

"What..do you mean...?!"

"Don't worry, this..will only hurt for a moment. You'll see..ha."

"Hey! S-stay back from me-"

CRASH!!

.....

*Splashing noises**

"I will make sure you won't see her again..you hear me?"

.....

"..Good."

"And don't think I forgot about you, caller. Kaylynn."

"H-how do you know my name?!"

"I know a lot about you. More than you know."

...

"If you..ever dare to tell someone about this..or give any signals or anything related to this..."

...

"You're next."

Call disconnected

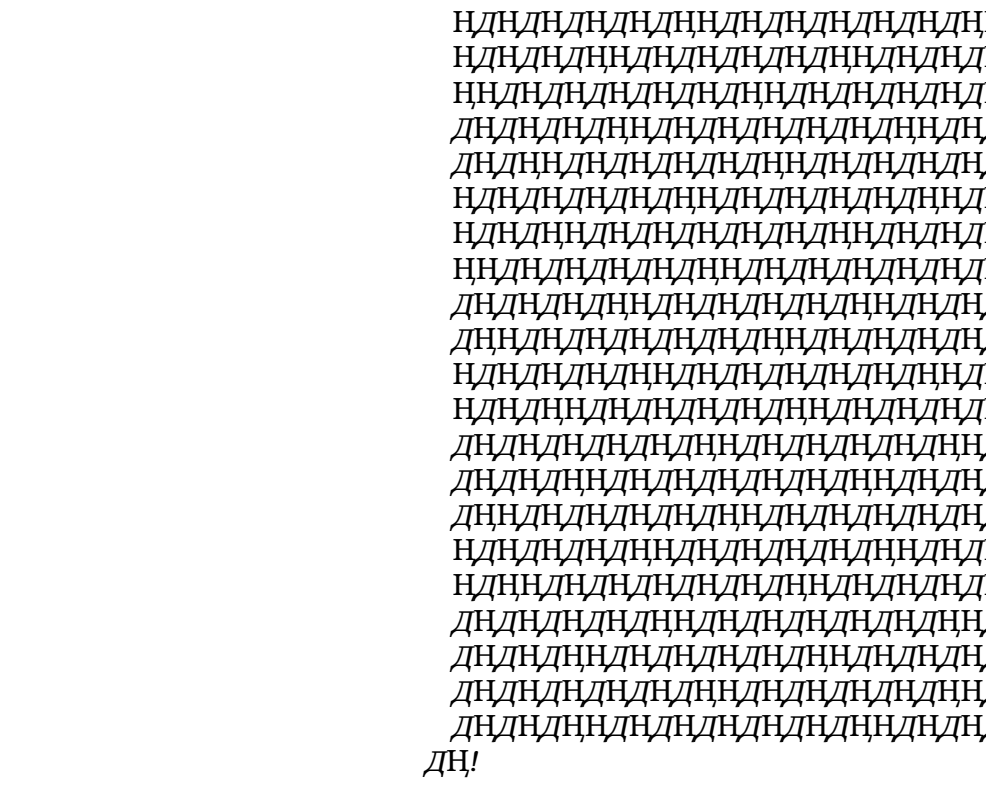
[Sorry the number you have dialed in not available now, please try again after the beep]

[Beep]*

"Ha ha ha..."

*Picks up unknown object**

...



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1084 words
Next update:
31 April 2023

Chapter 21: Glossophobia

Cw(s):
-Isolation

It felt weird, and painful.

Being in this room has gotten a purpose has it? It sounded like it did.

It's been..how long already? A few months or something? It has been a long time seen he has seen the outside world, ever since they came...

He felt as if half of his body has been taken over, crumbling into grey pieces. He felt useless, powerless, and the presence of death behind his back, even the slightest of touch left an everlasting pain in his skin.

He had this..weird metal chain? It was attached right above his feet, if he ever needed to actually walk than the chain would probably make it more difficult for moving, also it was painful, he'd rather not walk at all instead.

The room was pitch black, and the only light slips through the room when the door of the devil opens. He could not even tell if he had his eyes closed or not, he felt heavy, and even more alone than the years of loneliness he faces, was this his punishment? Punishment for just, feeling a need to..talk at all?

If that's the case, ***than he would never talk again.***

The feeling of regret was painful, but in reality the only thing he felt was the cold floor and his heavy breathing. His throat hurts, his head hurts, his limbs hurt, even trying to open one eye was so tedious. So tiring.

He only heard cold air blowing into the room, he couldn't see at all. Trying to light up the place was painful, and trying to find a way out only ended badly, with many strokes of electricity and regret on his skin, he

tried so hard that it looked like he cut himself everyday, regret sank further the longer he stayed in the room, and the only company he had, was not really fond of him.

A voice, a male voice speaks to him everyday in his mind. No matter how hard he covers his 'ears', no matter how loud he had to shout at the voice, it never stopped, the voice would keep speaking in his head but he only heard obnoxiousness in its tone.

The voice: Hi. You doing good here? You don't look too well, maybe you should just stop trying, hm?

It sounded happy, raspy and annoying. The voice was tempting him to give up.

???: I hate you.

Annoyance showed in his voice

The voice: Sucks for you than, you can't stop me. And so can I when you try to cover it up!

???: Ugh, why are you even here? You're annoying me.

The voice: Well, assuming just a few hours ago, you were electrocuted a lot, so I thought why not cheer you up! Also my annoyance is very intentional.

???: Why don't you leave? It's just a waste of time for you to come in and annoy me all day.

The voice: Wow, you're so different!

???: Just stop talking. Or else.

The voice: Or else what? I can do whatever I want with you, mentally AND physically!

???: ...what does that mean?

The voice: Don't worry! This won't hurt one bit!

Something grabbed his leg.

???: Hey! What was that?!

The 'arm' pulled his leg and his entire body collapsed on the floor, the moment he came in contact with the floor, he felt shocks of pain striking in his body, it was inexplicably painful.

The voice: See? I mean I guess it also kind of hurts for me but whatever.

???: hhhhhh....

The voice: Come on! At least put up a fight! Like how you did in those sessions with those people! Oh wait, every time they bring you out, you always do more worse than the previous no matter what!

The voice laughed at him, mocking him in every single way. He felt..humiliated, he may be alone but he felt miserable and the sense of being watched by many, of course it sucked, but what can he do about it?

The voice: Ok, now I'm bored. See ya next time you nuisance!

The voice was gone again, finally he left. But it was not over yet, despite having no ability to see, his sense of hearing has heightened, he heard many footsteps incoming. He got up, wincing I'm pain while gripping his sides, looking like he was hugging himself and was a very lonely person, even sitting at the corner with his face to his knees, like a crybaby.

He heard the door open, light entered the room and shined on his eyes, he only saw a blur but the humans dragged him out while he was off guard. They always did this, though last time he fought back but he always collapsed on the floor in defeat.

At last, hours of being in light instead of being isolated in a dark room. He saw..something weird. A giant wall with a large gap in the middle leading to two ways, he saw two other objects, they seemed..unconscious, he felt a need to ask but he knew he couldn't anyways. The humans continued dragging and entering the gap, they travelled through many different paths until a random dead end, he was thrown to the ground and his chains were removed.

???: Subject 25. Your goal is to rome around the maze, if you see another one of your kind, attack them. You have an hour, attack as many as possible and drag them at the end, we will be watching you through the cameras to check on your progress.

The person spoke to him quickly and rushed off with a map, he understood but he didn't know why. He just sat there for a moment, he shook the leg that was chained before, it felt loose and more free, and cold. He looked up to see a timer, '3:00:00' read on it in red. The timer started and a whistle blew in the background.

He quickly stood, a sudden rage of hunger ran through him, he craved for food. His beady eyes darted around as he quickly went on another path, he might be half blind but he could hear, amazingly well.

Not long after he left, he heard light footsteps, he had a bell tied to his handle, he slightly shook it around, as an attempt to eco locate around, the bell let out jingling noises. It kind of worked, he heard something moving around.

He went towards noises and spotted something tall, grey and brownish that was looking around with a confused look on its face. It looked familiar. But he didn't care.

He crept up towards the figure, he barely made any sounds, his footsteps were light and he relaxed his 'chest'. Before the figure noticed him, he latched onto its back with his limbs.

The figure was provoked by him and reacted immediately, he covered the figure's eyes and pushed it towards the floor.

He smashed its head towards the floor, knocking the figure out. The figure seemed to be a paintbrush of some kind, he dragged the paintbrush towards the wall, he wanted to dig in but it felt..too easy to be true, we're they fooling him? Luring him into a trap? He couldn't tell.

For some reason, he felt a tinge of empathy for the paintbrush. No, he couldn't eat it, it is just like him, just another object, he couldn't do this.

He gave up on feeding on the paintbrush, he dragged its body with him, he hoped to find an exit, the paintbrush, despite its tall height, it was

surprisingly quite easy to carry it around.

He'll find a way out, he has to.

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1292 words
Next update:
6 May 2023

Chapter 22: Sleep Deprivation

[A/N: Any place that is mentioned in this story are made up, except for certain countries that may be mentioned in the future chapters.]
Cw(s):
-Sleep deprivation
-Eyes

File 8:

Name: Subject 41 (Red pin)

Age: Adult (Female)

Status: Alive

Personality: Docile

Interaction: Acts weirdly around other subjects and does seem to be able to use some basics of English, uses words that are similar to the word that she is referring to, can be confusing and annoying to subjects. Lacks any common sense.

Weakness(es): Short term memory loss,
inability to fall asleep or focus properly.

Previous Residence: Yoyle City

Note: May be a threat

Suggestion: Further Studying Required

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It's night time, Pin was active during that period almost everyday, she couldn't figure out why she never felt the need to go to sleep ever since she came into this room. Everyone thought she had went crazy but they were wrong, she was completely fine, just feeling a bit off nowadays since she barely sleeps.

Usually at night, she would walk around the room until she was bored, but what other things she can do? She wandered around the room a bit, her eyes glowed white in the dark, staring at the ones in slumber.

She has been grinding her teeth for the past few months, nothing really happened to them but they appeared to be very slightly damaged in some way. Not that she actually cared, it was like an itch, there is a need to scratch it, and she absolutely scratch that out.

Pin was always a girl that was quite positive and calm in someway, but is easily stressed out by the little things that don't really matter in life, but it might've been for the best because it's probably the only entertainment that keeps people from going insane.

Pin noticed something blinking white in the distance, she headed straight towards the light in pure confusion, than the light disappeared. More confused than ever, she backed away as she had this feeling that it wasn't safe to be there. Maybe it was just an hallucination.

And than something poked her back lightly, she made a small yelp and swiftly turned to see, nothing. Was someone messing with her? Pin started feeling like she was watched and someone hid behind the darkness of this room.

Something poked her back again, she turned again and just like last time, nothing was there. She felt shivers down her spine, she should go to sleep.

Pin hurried towards an empty spot and lay down, not knowing how she could fall asleep, she would just have to pretend until it felt like she wasn't pretending anymore. She heard light footsteps approaching her, until the sounds stopped, she saw two legs in front of her.

She closed her eyes tightly and hoping that it was all just a bad dream, the person sat down beside her, why? Before she could do anything, something touched her back and started to gently brush against her skin back and

forth, she flinched slightly, not knowing what it was doing, is it going to hurt her?

To her surprise, the hand started petting her gingerly. Pin felt a sudden sense of comfort, a mood swing happened. All she could do was lay down, she kind of wished she could see the person hidden behind the darkness but she is not complaining. Her eyes started closing and soon she fell asleep.

The person had something in it's free hand, a plain white blanket. The person carefully placed the blanket on top of the red sleeping pin and continued petting her gently.

After a while, the person got up and disappeared into the darkness, leaving no traces of it being there at all.

It was than silent again, the alarm will go off soon...

\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\

Radio: *Breaking news, a body has been found at the victim's house on street 19, Hannah Avenue. Victim found dead with a massive scratch across the torso, organs and/or parts of the victim's body have gone missing. We will be investigating on this case soon.*

*Click**

???: Hello Ms Kaylynn, you may take a seat.

Kaylynn: T-thank you.

.....

???: I'm going to ask you some questions on your friend's incident.

???: When did you found the body?

Kaylynn: I think around 9 p.m.

???: How did you found the body?

Kaylynn: He called me, a-about his daughter, I was suppose to take care of. Something..happened to him, and I drove to his apartment to check what happened.

???: What happened to his daughter?

Kaylynn: She..ran, a-away.

???: What was your conversation with him?

Kaylynn: I-..I'm not sure..w-what happened...

???: Don't worry Ma'am, calm down. Just tell me what he said.

Kaylynn: He-...he didn't really..said anything, because someone knocked him..

Don't tell her.

Kaylynn: I-I can't tell you...! If I say it, I- **he** will kill me!

???: Ma'am, please. You have to cooperate with me, don't worry, it's going to be okay.

Kaylynn: B-but...! What if **he** kills me?! I-I...JUST STOP THIS ALREADY!

Hyperventilating

???: We will have to put this down. I will ask you again tomorrow, for now, you need rest...

Kaylynn: NO! I-I DONT WANT TO DO THIS ANYMORE-

CRASH!

-

Ruby: Woah jeez!

A pigeon crashed into the driver's window, it slowly slide off the window, leaving a red stain behind. She accidentally hit the brakes and stopped the van suddenly. Ruby took a short moment to calm down a bit. Seemed like

that they were in the desert, up far ahead was Yoyle City. Covered in a ominous red fog. Almost unrecognizable but not impossible to notice.

Everyone in the car was caught off guard by the sudden stop, Book went to the front seat and poked his 'head' until it reach the point where Ruby can see it.

Book: Hey, what happened?

Ruby: Poor silly little Mr Pigeon crushed into the window!

Taco: You're weird.

Book turned around and gave her a playful serious face, she was not really effected by the Book's weird looking angry face, but she is correct, Ruby is weird. Very weird.

Book: Hey! You know that's kind of rude Taco!

Taco didn't really thought anything about it and just mumbled a small sorry and continued looking at the window. Ruby started the van again and soon their journey to Yoyle City continued once again.

Ruby drove in a straight line was the entrance to Yoyle City became clearer through the red fog, and eventually. They reached.

Ruby pulled over the van at the potato garden, the inside of Yoyle City was quite unclear, and awfully quiet. The city was covered in a red heavy fog. The job was simple, find the forest, should be no big deal. Right?

Golf Ball: Alright everyone! Make sure to stay close to each other and hold your flashlights properly!

Book: But Golf Ball! Haven't you heard? The radio said there was going to be monsters here! And probably a disease spreading because there were factories producing toxic chemicals a few miles away from here.

Tree: In an abandoned place like this? I doubt it.

Clock: Agreed, I don't think a single soul has stepped into this place for a years.

Golfball: Whatever! Just search for the forest!

"*What's in the shadows always comes out.*"

| ——————————— |

L

1232 words
Next update:
15 May 2023

Chapter 23: Reality Change

Something...

Bad..

Happened....

The consequences of their actions are far greater than ever expected. A reality portal broke through and holes opened up to different worlds where it all ended differently, and none of them were happily.

The screams of horror became louder and louder as time passed mercilessly. Was it supposed to be this way?

Candle didn't seem happy, Clover was dead in that reality. But here she was, alive and breathing, did they kill her? In that reality, no one broke into the lab, so Candle didn't leave, Firey and Leafy were alive and Fealy didn't existed. Blocky died and went with the image of Leafy in the radio room, which meant that he was gone forever. Soda Bottle died in the procedure and so did Backpack, Scenty and Moldy also died in that reality, and both - - - - and - - - - - escaped. If it really was like that, than what would the ending be like?

The only thing left was Lightning and Remote huddling up together, both trying to have their last breathe before the fires engulfed them. Fanny was missing.

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Reality Portal 3/?

Soda bottle: Hey Liam? You good?

Backpack: Huh...? Y-yeah...where...are..we...?

Soda Bottle: Try not standing in one place for too long, or you will be like him.

Points towards the toothpaste sitting on the chair

Backpack: ....do you...think we....can go back home...?

Soda Bottle: Not sure, maybe Stone will be here.

Backpack: Why do you.....sound so...okay...with this...?

Soda Bottle: Don't know.

Stella is waving at him

.....

Soda Bottle: Hey Liam?

Backpack: What...?

Soda Bottle: Just in case we both uh, don't make it out of this place.

Backpack: Yeah...?

Soda Bottle: Just, I want to say that. I uh, love you. As a brother of course.

Backpack: Oh.....um. That's....nice of you...Bryce...Sorry I'm....not really sure how....to feel about....this.

Soda Bottle: Don't worry! Just, take your time.

Backpack: I...uh-

Splashing noises

....

Hi.

-

Fanny walked through the fog, alone. With a face of anger sadness on her, she hates it. She always did. The memories of her stay in the lab replayed over and over again and took over her mind, she walked along an endless path, stuck in a never-ending loop.

Walking mindlessly across the street, it was the first time she was here, she was new to the place anyways. Fanny suddenly felt the sense of being watched, she looked around, but no one was there, only a black abyss. Fanny started to hate the place more than before, it's painful to think. And move. She hated everything about it.

Each step she took, felt like it didn't happened. She felt some sort of sadness on her back, and she carried it endlessly through the pathway, with no way of taking it off no matter what.

She couldn't even remember when she got here, it felt like this was her entire life from the beginning, but it's not. The place she was in was so reality changing and deserted to the point where she felt like she was broken, no chance of getting back together her lost sanity.

Fanny wasn't really the type of object to be missing someone that they cared about, until now. She started missing Bubble's voice and face, but all the memories of her were blurry and bright, like a low revolution camera.

Fanny kind of had a small crush on Bubble, not a big one though. So she didn't missed her like crazy, but she still missed her anyway. Like any friend would do, except that she hates friends.

Fanny has forgotten about the rest of things in life at this point, except for Bubble of course. All the things about Bubble just felt right, and she can't stop thinking about her. Hopefully, she could see Bubble again sometime soon...

Suddenly, she heard something. Something in the corner of her eye caught her attention, she realized two eyes, glowing in the dark with a white, eerie glow. She flinched slightly at the sight, not knowing what to do, she quickly turned back to walking, acting like nothing even happened in the first place. But she definitely felt bothered by the eyes staring at her while she didn't noticed.

She hated communication, but if it was going to let her out of this place, than she wouldn't care less. Fanny turned around again, with the same eyes staring at her.

Fanny: Hey! Who are you?

She quickly spoke, still intimidated by the way the eyes stared at her. The figure didn't respond. Looks like they will be there for a while.

-

Reality Portal 1/? (Original)

Golf Ball: *Coughing**

Tennis Ball: Hey GB, you doing okay?

Golf Ball: Yes! Just *coughs** keep searching!

The two had torchlights taped on their sides, they were walking cautiously in the red fog, not knowing what the monsters Book talked about, it was creepy. Golf Ball kept coughing and TB started gettting more worried the longer they stayed in the abandoned city. TB kept asking GB if she was alright but the only thing she kept saying to all his questions were always, 'Yes! Just keep searching!', but TB thinks that she is lying.

The only thing they heard was their own footsteps and heavy breathing in the background, they were unsure who lurked in the fog, waiting for something or someone..

It was so hard to see through the fog. Despite having a flashlight, it can only help so much. The flashlight simply did not have enough watts of energy and batteries, so the range of light was pretty limited, and they don't have hands so they can't adjust the position of the flashlight, the only way they can do so is by turning their entire body. Even though it was

tedious, they were already used to it.

They grew more afraid with each minute that passed by, the red fog started feeling more thicker and harder to breath. Something was off.

But no one was around, they hoped that the others have already found the forest, they kept walking across the street, knowing that no one would be driving a car around the area.

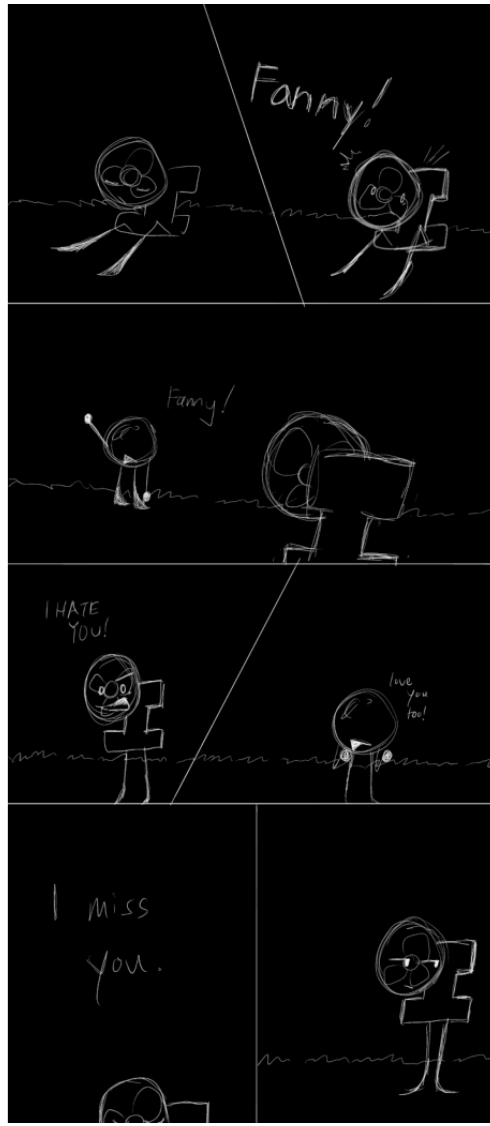
GB noticed a familiar building, the building was covered with plants, dead and alive. It was the science museum. Where the incident took place..

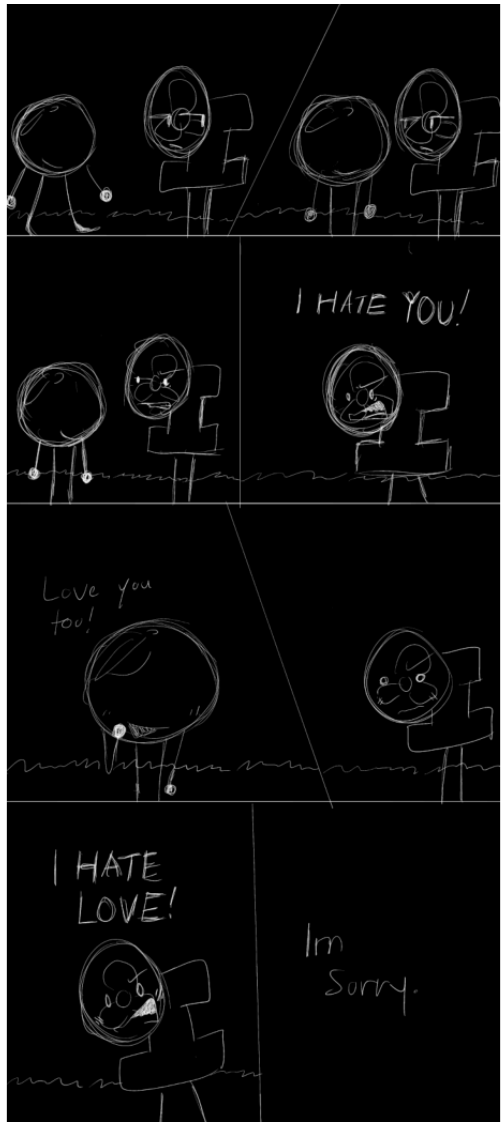
Her brother ran to the museum, desperately trying to hide from their abusive father, who held a baseball bat, he hid behind a giant antique vase with beautiful flowers on it, his father threw the baseball bat at the vase several times, the vase fell and crushed GB's poor brother to his death. The family was broken afterwards. She misses him.

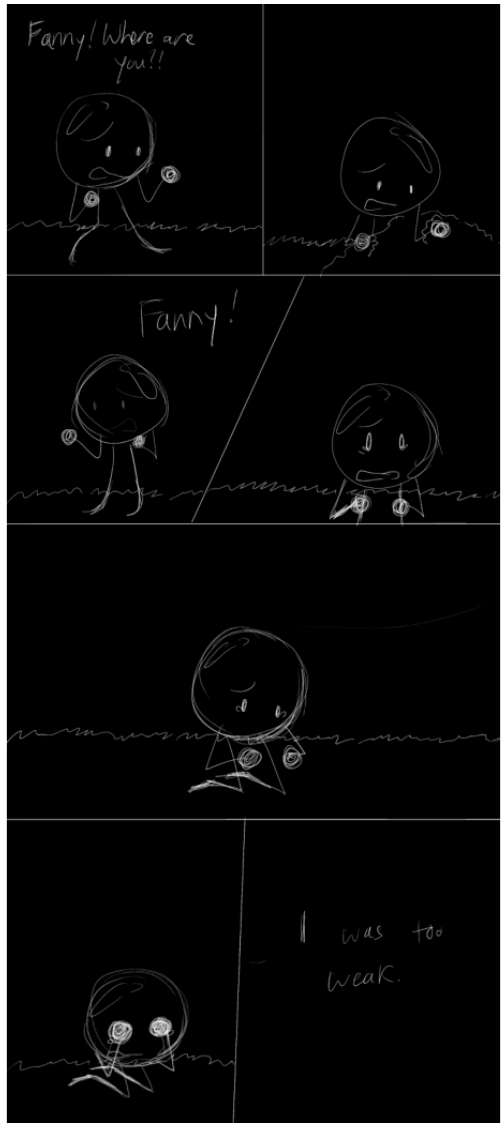
-

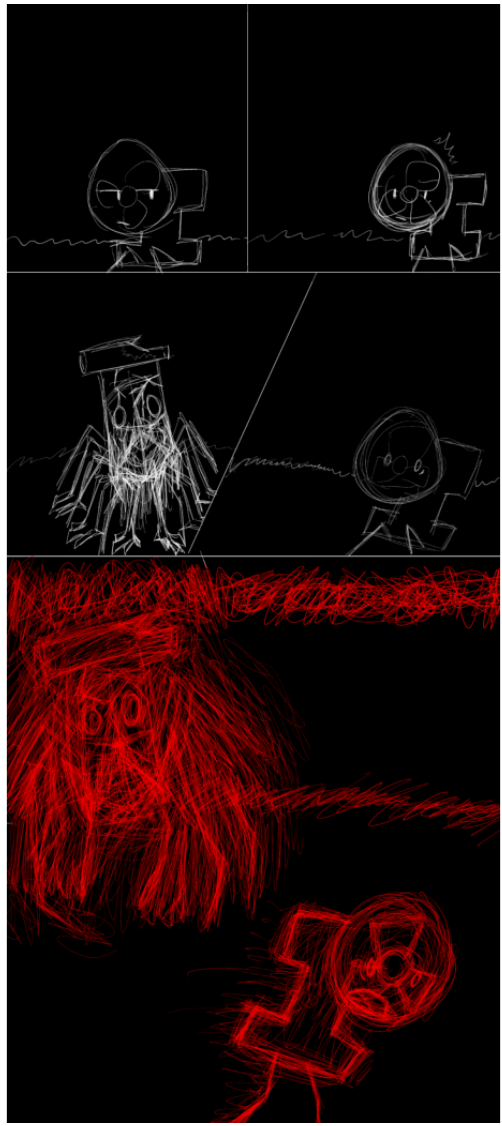
Bonus

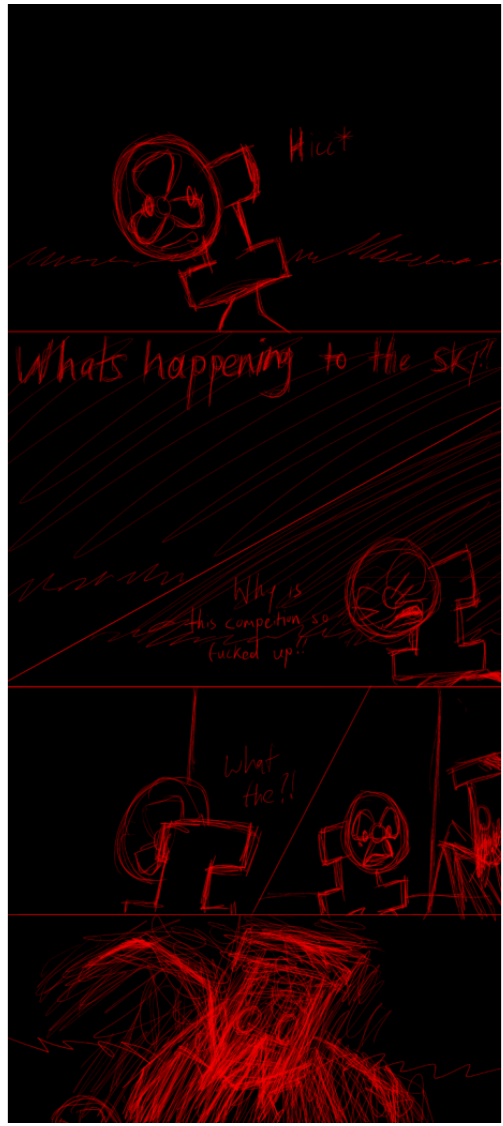
Fanny
(5k celebration)


Fanny!
Fanny!
I HATE YOU!
love you too!
I miss you.


I HATE YOU!
Love you too!
I HATE LOVE!
Im Sorry.


Fanny! Where are you!!
Fanny!
I was too weak.




Hicct
Whats happening to the sky?!
Why is this competion so fucked up!!
What the?!

Fanny...

-End of bonus-

—•((((([[[[[[[[[[[[[[[[]]]]]]]]]]]]]]]]))))•—

1130 words
Next update:

22 May 2023 (Edit: Extended to two more days)

Chapter 24: Isolated From Reality In Causality

Cw(s):
-Mention of murder
-consumption of drugs and cannibalism

File 7:

Name: Subject 43 (Bryce, red soda bottle)

Age: Adult (Male)

Status: Alive

Personality: Hostile

Interaction: Will not obey orders, stays in the corner of subject containment and avoids making any contact with other subjects. Is a mental and physical threat to both subject and tester, only talks to subject 38 and subject 37.

Weakness(es): Mentally unstable,
severe injuries,
half blind

Previous Residence: Mysterious Planet

Note: Separate containment due its murder of subject 37.

Suggestion: Put up for physical training

———————————

File 6:

Name: Subject 37 (Amelia, blue scented candle)

Age: Adult (Female)

Status: Dead

Cause of death: Hostility from subject 43 and the consumption of drugs, the subject's organs were missing, presumably died from blood loss.

Weakness(es): Inability to see clearly,
severe injuries,
grew mould

Previous Residence: Mysterious Planet

Tests put up for: Reaction to drugs,
durability test

Suggestion: Incinerate

_ _

???: You can't keep hiding in here. You'll have to come out eventually..

I don't care.

???: ..Even though there's..another version..of you in testing, DOESN'T mean that you won't be used.

I can't trust you.

???: Why not? I'm the one who takes care of you, you HAVE to trust me.

Why should I?

???: I'm the only thing that's keeping you from going to the real world and immediately ending up dead.

What makes you think I wanted to go outside? My mood? Ha! Don't try to make me laugh, I only want to see a old friend of mine, that's

all. Even if I die. You can't keep me away from him.

???: I..will be getting your..lunch....

Hurry up, I don't want to eat you.

???: Just eat this, don't question where it came from.

Um, *Crunch** what the...

???: By the way, uh, do you..want me to bring anyone in here?

.....No. Leave me alone.

???: I still need to watch you, you know?

Can you at least put me to sleep?

???: I'm not allowed to do that.

Just do it.

???: I said I won't.

...Fine.

.

.

.

So what happened?

Mum got angry, and called me useless basard. Am I a basard?

No no, you're not! She's lying. You're more than that! Just ignore her.

Hey sis? What was mum holding?

Oh, uh. I will tell you next time. Okay?

Okay. Can we eat lunch now?

Sorry, I haven't bought food yet. I will go out later. Is it too tight?

It's fine...

...

When is dad coming back?

Um, he..is just..having a busy day...! He will come back tomorrow!

You always say that though...

Don't worry, he will come back tomorrow!

...

Want to go to the neighbor's house? We can spend some time there if you want.

Sure.

I'm sure Olivia would like to play with you.

-

Coiny: I miss pin...

Needle: Than stop whining and keep searching!

The coin had kept whining about how much he missed Pin the entire trip to the forest, Needle would occasionally have to slap him in the face multiple times as he did not shut up, and it was incredibly annoying, just to be with this no brain idiot while walking, could it get any worse?Yes, it can. He started crying, Needle slapped a tissue in his face with absolute strength to the point where he collapses on the street floor, she told him to wipe his stupid face with the tissue as tear continued to escape his eyes.

He was bawling his eyes out with heartache scribbled all over his face and mind, his sad cries echoed throughout the city. It startled him a little but it did not help to stop him crying, as if he was crying an infinite waterfall of tears out of his eyes, Needle couldn't care less.

Needle: Why are you even crying?

She asked in noticeable annoyance.

Coiny: I just miss *sniff** Pin....! *Crying**

Before he could cry any longer, Needle shoved another tissue in his face. He cried and coughed into the tissues that he held, even sneezing occasionally.

He had a small crush on Pin, she was just so nice to him. Even after she knew that he cheated that one or two times, she still stood by his side. It was fun, until those 'things' took her away from him. What jerks they were..

Needle: Now can you please focus on the mission?!

Coiny: Yeah..thanks Needy-

Needle: *Slaps** Don't call me Needy!

Coiny: Ow..right sorry Needle.

The fog suddenly grew thicker, it was more red, more hazed, and hard to see. Coiny's flashlight stopped working, and so did Needle's. Something was close by, Needle can tell. Something must be moving in the fog. Who is it?

Coiny flinched and dropped the flashlight, he quickly pulled Needle in front of him while looking like the sudden turning off of the flashlight scared the hell out of him. Needle stood her ground, her eyes darted around for movement. Suddenly, she saw a shadow moving in the red fog. Something big moved around them. They better hurry.

Needle grabbed Coiny by the wrist and ran forward without hesitation, it caught him off guard but he held onto her like his life depended on it. Needle hurried until she saw an end, it was the forest! She noticed without a doubt and went up the hill with great force, she dropped Coiny by accident and he followed behind her. They made it to the top of the hill, the entrance of the forest was in front of them, Coiny was trying to get up and relax from the climbing and horrors in the fog.

Seemed like they were the first to arrive. Suddenly, a loud scream was heard in the distance, they panicked but did not knew what to do, only

standing and looking around, it was startling. Who was it? It sounded familiar, like a female voice.

Coiny: Who was that?!

Needle: I'm not sure, but we should probably stay here. It's too dangerous!

The grass was grey and the buildings had grown many vines and plants through small cracks of the building. It looked like a green house.

Hopefully, the others will arrive soon...

- -

E

1034 words
Next update:
3 June 2023

New Cover

Old cover (VERY late 2022):

New cover (Not so early 2023):

Angsty-

Thoughts? Put it here.

Lots of procrastinating for this, like- five days. And some days, I look at this and be like: I'm not doing this.

At least I finished it before the next chapter.

Celebration time: 🎉🎉🎉

I'll update the actual cover in the next two to five hours later.

Okay back to writing, see you tomorrow or something-

Chapter 25: Operation: Escape And Revenge (EAR)

It's hard to think, after that incident. Only he could move on because what's in the past is undoable. TB looked over the body in immense horror, it all happened so fast, he couldn't react fast enough, he was too weak. Blood slowly trickled out from the large crack of GB's forehead, she was dead. He couldn't figure out why didn't the monster attack him, why only her? The thought send shudders under him.

TB slowly backed off the horrid scene and soon, he ran off. The fog turned thicker and the smell of blood filled the air quickly, he continued running forward, screaming ever so loudly for help, but his screams were never heard. He only wasted energy, eventually he couldn't ran any longer. TB stopped at one point and fell to the floor, he suddenly heard a vibration in the ground, it soon got more violent. Oh god, it's that 'thing'. TB already knew his fate, he dreaded the 'thing's' eyes staring at him before eventually ending him.

The vibrations and sounds got louder and louder, something tapped his side. It's here. A head peaked above his eyes, It's cold, dead eyes stared at me intensely. TB shut both of his eyes tight, awaiting the same death as GB. But after a while nothing happened, the 'thing' was just staring at him, the moment was kind of awkward. The 'thing' eventually left and went back into the depths of the red fog.

It left him confused but he ran off, the only thing he could think about was the monster and the lost of Golfball..

||||||||||||||||||||

It's been a few months, he couldn't imagine what the outside world was like. He has been ripped from reality for too long. But his efforts, all of them were futile. No matter how hard he tried, no matter how long he thought through and through, he failed again and again. He felt miserable

as he should be, trapped again in the dark cold room with an annoying voice.

The only thing he did was sat at the corner in defeat, his body felt like it was dragging him down as he felt too heavy to carry, he felt more heavy, and in pain. His body ached furiously, he had no chance of getting up, it was hopeless. At least still had what he wanted.

The cassette player.

He could barely see it in the dark, but he knew that he had it in his hands. He felt around for the tape, he touched a cold rectangle and he could tell that he found it. He carefully lifted the tape and placed it into the player, afterwards, he looked up, a small smile lingered on his face. The music started playing, and the familiarity of the song played silently.

I'm wishing you a well…mind at peace within yourself…

Covers up I cast you off…I'll be watching as you breathe.

I'd lie still you move I'd send you off around the bend…

I hold your head deep in my arms…my fingertips they close your Eyes…

Off you dream my little child…there's a sun around the bend…

There's a sun around the bend…

All the evenings close like this…all these moments that I've Missed…

Please forgive, won't you, dear?

Please forgive and let me share with you around the bend…

You're an angel when you sleep…

How I want your soul to keep of and all around the bend…

The song ended.

It was a nostalgic journey for him, the player hasn't been touched for a

long time. Until now. He never understood the song before, but it reminded him what happened those years ago, before he was a 'host'. His past life, he never thought about those moments but the song reminded him of only a certain memory.

The day of Christmas.

He imagined the presents under the large tree that was decorated with many colorful ornaments and lights blinking around the tree. He saw his brother handing him a yellow present with a red bow tied around it neatly, it was the shape of a small rectangle, it was his mother's cassette tape. He couldn't exactly remember the reason why, or who was his family or brother, but he wanted to meet them again.

But he saw a tall figure in front of him, he thinks that it's his brother? His brother had a long neck, he was grey and was probably older than he was at that time.

"I have a present for you bro!"

"...?"

"Open it up!"

"Unwrapping noises*"

"I got you a cassette player! Actually, Mom's cassette player. Sorry, I ——————————. So I stole it from mom! Hope you like it!"

He wondered what he looked like when he was younger, more youthful. And definitely not showing multiple injuries all over him. He had many questions to wonder.

Ah, what great memories you had.

???: ..What? Who..is this...?

Don't remember me? I'm the voice in your head, you idiot!

???: Oh...can you go away...?

Hmm, nah! I heard you were playing some music! Where's that

coming from?

He quickly hid the cassette player and tape behind him. Trying to not seem suspicious, but the voice already knew.

???: It's..none of your business...

Suit yourself! I know where is it!

???: Go away.

Oh come on! Why are you being such a bad sport? Just accept-

???: I SAID GO AWAY!

The voice suddenly went silent, not expecting his sudden shout. He didn't realized what he had done, what he had said. He..sees light? Oh, it was from his head, he had forgotten about it.

The fact that this hasn't happened before, made him felt scared. Whenever he needed light, he turned his fire on, but it never turned on without him touching the switch behind his back, normally that only happens when he is angry.

He hasn't been angry for so long, was this voice really pushing him to his limit?

He calmed himself down, and the fire from his head started fading away. And eventually, he only saw the darkness again.

Suddenly, the door opens. The light from the outside blinded him, he covered his eyes until he had adjusted to the light. Someone was at the door, it was..Candle.

Candle: Come on, we have much to do...

The purple candle said in a serious tone, she walked into the cold room, not flinching to the temperature. She had a remote, she pressed on one of the buttons and the bracelet from his ankle came off. He was surprised at this moment, was he free? The purple candle held out her hand for his, with a bit of hesitation, he placed his hand onto her's. Candle helped him slowly get up, she dragged him outside the room and through the

hallways.

He was utterly stunned and scared of the surroundings, since he had been living in a small place for too long, the outside was so unfamiliar to him to the point that he wanted to go back, but not in this case.

The place he lived in was hell, he felt like he faced internal damnation, because of that stupid voice that keeps insisting him to give up.

The candle kept dragging him until they reached a certain area of the building. The candle looks up, before looking at him.

Candle: We'll be going through the vents.

???: H-how...?

Candle: You have wings, just fly up there.

???: I- What...?!

Candle: You, didn't know? Right here.

Candle pulled a wing behind his back, when was that there?! A sudden shock went down his spine, he quickly pushed her away, the sudden contact was uncomfortable.

He was pretty sensitive, he hasn't really been touched by anyone and only himself for a long time. Candle only backed away as a response, not saying another word.

Candle went behind him and continued touching his wings, they were as black as the night, longer and bigger than his arm, felt scaly-like. And of course, he didn't like it. She realized that his wings were being held together by chains, she had a bag made of wood and fished out a pocket knife. Gently scratching against the chains with the knife.

He wasn't comfortable at all, and started fidgeting and trying to pull her hands away. Despite all the attempts, she continued.

After a short while, the chains came off. But the wings remained folded, she figured if she folded and unfolded them for a certain amount of time, she can motivate blood from his body to circulate through his wings.

She moved them in a circular motion, folding and unfolding them. He had given up trying to stop her and just stood there awkwardly, staring into the boring grey floor.

She went faster after the wings started twitching, she was in a rush for time anyways. Suddenly, he felt like several ants were crawling on his back and let out a small yelp. A wave of energy went through him, as his wings started moving by itself. Candle let go of them and took a step back, he turned to his back and saw them, a extremely concerning sight to see, he felt like he was in a dream, but he was certainly not.

???: T-thanks...?

Candle: Try thinking about yourself floating, figure out something. I need to go. Better think fast before, **they** find you.

And she ran away. Without a second wasted, he tried putting his force into his wings, and they started moving up and down in a circular motion. Like it was imitating a bird, his wings started lifting him up. Very surprised, he started reaching for the vents and grabbed onto the corner of it, and he climbed inside. Folding his wings back to fit inside the vent.

*The ventilation system was pretty big, luckily he wasn't heavy enough to break it, than he would've been long dead. He heard murmuring below him and he tried to keep quiet, assuming it was **them**. He carefully took each step one by one, until the murmuring was gone.*

He saw some objects below him and decided to jump down. He opened up the vent lid and gingerly climbed down from the vents. The objects seemed shocked by his arrival, but their as if they were waiting for him? He landed on his back and quickly pulled himself up despite his exhaustion.

???: Good that you're here. Hopefully no one spotted you.

There were three of them, one of them looked like a package of fries, another looked like a pink flower with a red scarf and another one was like green jelly. They were carrying bags and such, probably filled with adventure type of things.

The package of fries grabbed his arm and started dragging him to a door, the other two followed. When they arrived, the fries crouched down and

pulled him to his lowest.

???: *whispering** There are people in there. Be careful. We'll give you the map of the lab, find the furthest exit.

???: Why?

???: The furthest is the safest, we have lead most of the security people to the nearest entrance. The exit is at the the top of this map. Go now, we don't have much time.

They took out a rolled piece of paper from their bag and passed it towards him, and they walked away. He looked at the door towering in front of him, a sudden dread feeling in his chest. He looked down at his feet, at least it looked mostly the same, except there was a faint, thick, red line around his leg.

He unrolled the map and sees the furthest exit, the only way to get there is through the door in front of him, he might be able to kick down the door, it will most likely make a lot of noise and might attract the people's attention. But there is no other way, the vents end right here.

He backs away from the door for a moment, he got ready to kick the door. He got his eyes focused on the door and placed all limbs on the floor.

Time is a delicate matter, don't waste it.

He ran towards the door, he sped into the door with a serious look on his face, he shut his eyes tightly and...

CRASH!*

The door busted open. Several people were surrounding a table with records and documents everywhere, they were shocked upon the arrival of ***him****. He killed him. He killed his daughter. She will not let this pass.*

They both stared at each other for a short second, before he realised it. It was her, she was on the phone.

He clutched up, softly growling. The people held out their tasers, he won't spare them, not after what they did to him. Whether they tell the exit or

not, no one is leaving this room.

He ran straight into the room and tackled the first person he saw, he head for the neck and teared the person's head off with brutal force. All came in on once, he was able to avoid the tips of tasers and took them out one by one. The woman..she looks familiar. Kaylynn? Was it? She was the last one.

???: Where..is the..exit. TELL ME OR I WILL KILL YOU!

Kaylynn: AH! It's through that door! That door!

He pins her down with immense force. Looking like he was about to tear her face out. She started crying silently, not being able to scream as his claw was right before her neck.

Kaylynn: P-please! You can eat me! J-just spare my family!

???:...you're no fun.

SHING!*

-

Tick. Tock. Tick. Tock. Tick. Tock. Tick—

RING!! RING!! RING!!-

Click*

"H-hello?"

"It's a pity there's murder at such a law-biding country, many foreigners of our kind cut off the population of such weak beings. I will be chased down for committing so many unforgivable crimes to this lawful country. But there's nothing you can do, don't be sorry, the fate of these people was chosen by me. It's normal."

"It's you! Your the one!..what did you do? Who are you? Why did you murdered so many innocent people?!"

"It was all for my enjoyment and entertainment, and their certainly

not innocent. Your physical attributes are meaningless to me, consider yourself lucky that you have been spared by me. But I will not let you go so easily, just as everyone who was in my grasp. I'd say, their arms were delicious."

"W-what?! What does that mean?! Y-you're a psychopathic monster!!"

"Dare to tell this to anyone and I will change my mind so dearly. Don't call me back. Or you'll die."

[Beep!*]

Tick. Tock. Tick. Tock. Tick. Tock. Tick-

-

???: A-ah. Oh...I did it..

He stood up from the motionless corpse, he hoped that he could've spared at least one soul, but he was wrong. He's not sparing anyone involved in this predicament.

He noticed the blood gushing out of the wound, he was pretty hungry but he had forgotten how to eat. He hasn't used his jaws for these types of things for a long time. He'll just shoved the pieces in his mouth.

He grabbed an large portion of meat from the insides of the body and stuffed it in his mouth. Much to his delight, it tasted more delicious than disgusting. He enjoyed that portion very much and wanted another, but he knew he couldn't have that luxury with time ticking down his throat.

He placed both hands on the arm and slowly started pulling them with much force, the arm started tearing and eventually, the arm separated from the body. He also grabbed all the folders with pictures of people he knew in the other room on them and sprinted away with the arm to the next door.

He had to kick down the next door, and luckily, no one was inside. It seemed like he could just go straight to the next door, but he was cautious. He had ashes inside his head so he grabbed some and threw it across the room, suddenly many lasers started appearing, blocking the path to the

next door.

Looking around, he noticed a vent above him, he had an idea and jumped up and flapped his wings to tear off the vent lid and enter the ventilation system.

He kept going through the vents until there was a dead end, he silently opened the vent in front of him and jumped down.

The room, empty again. He guessed the group of objects that he met earlier were telling the truth, they led almost everyone away from where he is going.

There were folders on the table, he took every single one with a photo on it and kicked down the next door, by now he had finish the arm and all was left was nothing but bones. But he held onto it, in case of any issues he may face throughout the lab, as of earlier, the lab might be booby trapped in some certain rooms.

He took note that he had not left any of the folders that he had collected behind, and made sure that he had not dropped any of them, they may be important.

???: How many...doors are there..? Many..the lab is..really long..

He whispered to himself, making sure to keep the volume level down as someone or something may be hiding around the lab somewhere and heard him speaking, they would most likely be another enemy.

He went through door by door, vent by vent, collecting several folders to read later for important reasons. His friends might be related to this.

At last, he made it to the exit. He noticed a figure coming from a staircase, he quickly moved into a attacking position. Snarling at the figure with claws in the air, the figure also did the same, their white teeth and claws shone by the light of the room. A moment of silence held its place, until the figure calmed down.

The figure stepped out of the shadows of the room, it was a green and red backpack, it had a blue and green handle and it's label was red with toe large dots and one small one in the middle. It was half transparent and has zippers on it.

He just stood there, and the person looked somewhat familiar. But he couldn't put his finger on it, he didn't bothered to know though and just wanted to get the hell out of this hell hole.

There was a door in front of both of them, but it was large than the rest. He tried kicking the door but it wouldn't budge.

???: How about we push it down together?

The mysterious person said, with a raspy male voice. He'd rather not work with anyone but he had no choice and nodded in agreement. Both of them tackled the door with as much force as possible, and they kept throwing themself towards the door.

Bang!*

Bang!*

BANG!*

The door flew open, and the outside was revealed. Finally, after so long! Even the figure agreed with him. But there was no time for celebration yet, there was no time.

"There they are! GET THEM!"

A person behind them shouted, signalling their security to come. Oh shit, it was them.

The backpack grabbed him by the wrist and pulled him out of the lab, the backpack also had wings, except that they were red and fluffier than his. The backpack spread his wings open and flew through the skies.

Flying out of shooting range and successfully escaping the lab once and for all. He was overwhelmed with a tsunami of relief and gratitude for the backpack, how could he ever owe up to them?

After a while of flying, the backpack landed safely onto a cliff with a calm river that went below. He wished he could kiss the grass but it was probably not a very good idea. The backpack placed his legs into the calm river's water and looked at him.

???: I'm going to get fish for both of us. Wait here.

???: A-alright...

The backpack shoot into the river and swam inside the calm waters. For a moment, he thought that, that was the last time he would see that person. But he was wrong, the backpack came back with two fairly large fishes in their hands.

Finally, it was night time. It was time to rest. They both had set up a campfire and ate both fishes, cooked. They didn't had proper beds or mattresses and neither wanted to sleep on the floor, instead they placed a bunch of bushes and sticks neatly in a open and empty spot.

He laid in his bed made of bushes and sticks as the other had peacefully fallen asleep. He still had the folders of his friends and his most precious thing to him, his cassette tape and player, he hid them away from anyone and kept hiding it inside of his glass head, and luckily no one noticed. He carefully placed the folders under his bush bed and fell asleep inside the comfort of the cozy bushes and hard sticks beneath his tired and heavy body.

"Tomorrow is another day."

3564 words
Next update:
14 June 2023 (Okay, maybe I need a break- so, I will be gone for a while, no estimate and not fixed, so see ya next time I finally decide to write something)

Chapter 26: Burnt Ashes

File 9#

Name: Subject 24 (Silver paintbrush)

Age: Adult (Non-Binary)

Status: Alive

Personality: Docile

Interaction: Seemed interested to other subjects and always has a smile plastered on their face, shows no negative emotion except for pain and sadness, frequently speaks to others and is mostly annoying.

Weakness(es): Easily manipulated,
Can't seem to understand what's happening around them

Previous Residence: Inanimate Island

Note: Has had assistance from another subject during it's tests.

Suggestion: Terminate

-

Terminate? What does that mean? He stared at the file with a confused expression while still holding his empty emotion in his voice. He has been sitting on the bushes that he had slept on for a while, and he wanted to look through all of the files he had collected, they contained images of the person, dead or alive, and with information about them, such as personality, statuses, interactions, suggestions and all that crap.

Seemed weirdly convenient for him, as he can find out more about that person. The files even have a previous residence for each person, except for one..

Stone.

His file, the 'Previous Residence' tab just says "N/A" with brackets that says "Residence is unknown". The suggestion says "Further studying required", everything else is unknown about him.

Paintbrush was the one that he had to drag out of that one maze, and he had a file about them. He didn't understood what terminate meant, but their note tab..he knows who that 'other' subject was, and it was probably a good idea that he had escaped, if not he might've gotten punished or something.

And inanimate island? Doesn't sound like a real place, and it probably doesn't even exist. But he could be wrong, can't think too far ahead because too many unexpected things happen whenever they have a plan.

The backpack went hunting for more fish earlier, their name was Liam or something, he has two names, Liam or Bryce, it didn't seem normal to have two different types of names. He found his file though.

File 11#

Name: Subject 38 (red and green backpack)

Age: Adult (Male)

Status: Alive

Personality: Hostile

Interaction: Unable to remember it's name and refers to itself as Subject 38. Stays cautious of its surroundings and is unable to identify certain objects and does not trust anyone. It stays quiet and sits in one corner, mysteriously it's eyes glow red and white in the dark. When showing anger, their body is taken over by a mysterious darkness.

Weakness(es): Mentally unstable,
Thalassophobic,
Severe injuries

Previous Residence: Mysterious Planet

Note: When interacting with Subject 38, ensure to wear safety clothing in case of any emergency or unexpected incident of Subject 38.

Suggestion: Further studying required

He wondered what was the incident, what happened than? He started worrying about his own safety, there was no way that this person would do anything like that to him right? Doubting about the backpack's personality currently. He just stared at the folder, not knowing what to do before placing under the bush bed.

He started thinking about his life, what has been accomplished and such. Are those things that he has to worry about? He just waited for the backpack to come back. When suddenly, he sensed something. He picked up a smell coming from the river, it smelled..bloody...he took immediate note of this, beginning to worry more about the recent 'friend' that he had made over the course of just a few days.

He decided to follow the smell.

After several painful minutes of worrying and walking, he soon found the source..it wasn't very pleasant...

.
.
.

Tick tock tick tock tick tock...

"Hey!! What the fuck are you doing here?!"

[Growling*]

"I've seen many people like you who come into my territory and try to eat me!

[... Come at me...]

SHING*!!*

"H-..."

"Thud!*"

The message that you have received will be disappearing in five seconds, please confirm that you have read the following.

5
4
3
2
1

.
.
.

It was a body. Someone's body.

Backpack was tearing something off of it.

He stared in horror for a moment, before realising that he had done this before, but it wasn't that bad right?! WHY ARE HIS THOUGHTS SO LO-

Backpack: *Hghhhhhhh.....*

...

Backpack: A-Airy...?

It was dead silent.

On the way "home"...

Backpack: Hey, I've been meaning to tell you something..

He said while biting on the object's arm, tearing it's skin off and exposing on the bones and flesh.

Airy: ...what..?

Backpack: While searching, I think I saw a giant hole in the sky...something came out of it? It was dark blue, it had a sword or

something...it looked kind of like you. Just, um, less old..?

Airy: ...who..was it?

Backpack: Don't know, but I've been wanting to know my name for a while... can't seem to remember my name...

Airy: ..uh, it's Backpack I think...

Backpack: You sure? Actually, maybe..I'll call myself as 38 for now I suppose...

Airy: Why..?

Backpack: The people called me..something, 38. So I figured that it's my name..

Airy: Ah, I... see.

Backpack: ..So..does it taste good?

Airy: Meh, I'm not really into it..I don't really like to eat things that can talk...

Backpack: You don't like eating meat?

Airy: I think I can eat berries, but meat? It's okay I guess...beggars can't be choosers...

Backpack: Okay.

*Conversations like these, are usually not this long, but his name **is** Backpack right? Why is he referring to himself as 38? It just, doesn't seem right...*

Also Airy is right, beggars can't really be choosers. They'd rather eat meat, then starve to death. But it's growing dark..a radio was at the place they landed and it reported news of some monsters, they like coming out at night, when it's dark. It's best if they don't stay up to late, the monsters only eat the ones that are moving, if they don't move, they would think that both of them are dead. Monsters like that do that? Airy's thoughts are also getting louder aggressively, maybe it's a side affect of something...

He always stares at sky, and think..whose the one in the sky? Because he feels like he was being watch from the above. Maybe it's the stars. Man, it really feels like he's talking to himself out loud. Is he doing that? He can ask Backpack.

Airy: Ba- 38? ..Just wondering, was I speaking just now?

Backpack: No? Why are you asking me this?

Airy: Just..wondering...

Backpack: It's fine.

...

-

I-

Where am I? A forest? How did I get here? I think I saw something, reddish. I'll go over, maybe that person can assist me...

Oh, it ran away. I'll find another way.. This definitely doesn't look like my world, it's..more green-er, if that makes sense.

I should find shelter though, wait.

I hear something.

SHING! *

???: Hey! Chill out dude! I'm just searching for food! No need to pull out the sword!

Who are you?

???: My name? Charlotte, just..uh...more different.

Can you tell me where I am right now?

???: Hillberry mountain, this place is packed with berries and

animals, a lot of tourists come here during autumn I think it's because that's when it's more beautiful.

Ah, so what are you? A moldy piece of bread or something?

???: I'm..not really sure..what am I..? I guess a piece of bread or something... also why do you sound like your trying to send me to jail? Are you interrogating me?

Erm, no. I'm not.

???: I answered your questions, now you have to answer mine. What are you?

... A lantern, I think.

???: Who are you?

...I can't say it.

???: What do you mean by that?

You know what? Never mind. I don't want to see you around here again. Or I'll cut your throat.

???: Alright! I'll leave! >:(

They ran away..although they had wings...

...

It's silent, I'll look for shelter.

1328 words
Next update:
No idea ;(
[Don't worry I'm still alive-]

Chapter 27: Pages Of Guilt

Gelatin was looking at the book, while also trying to read it through the fog. His eyes started watering and straining because of the fog, he sighed and closed up the book. Not knowing a thing written in it.

He held out his flashlight again and tried finding the forest. He kept having this..feeling, a sense that someone is watching him, but he shoved his senses out of his head and just ignored it and kept walking.

Flower took another route earlier, hoping to find another way to get there. It was cold, and the weather looked like it had better days.

The book looked old, slightly torn and yellowish with some dark stains on it. Gave it a mysterious vibe, which was noticed and taken note of right away.

Gelatin thought he saw something moving in the fog, a figure sprinting faster than ever. He got frightened with the sounds of the figure moving around him, he didn't wanted to keep walking through this fog, he just wanted to go home.

He was not sure why, but he starting smelling something..burning. He took note of this and tried following where the smell was coming from. He quickly walked through the fog.

He saw it, right then and there. A fire, sparking in flames, it glowed with a warm orange glow. He got slightly closer to the fire, making sure that he was standing at a safe distance away in case if he suddenly started melting. He noticed how warm and fuzzy the fire was, but it was abnormal for a fire like this to occur at such a cold temperature, and even more unusual if it started randomly. Unless, someone started it.

He couldn't see what was on fire, it smelled horrible and reeks. Gelatin decided to ignore it and continue searching. The cold air caressed through the city, leaving the place in the cold. His flashlight flickered into the

darkness. It all went dark.

-

Candle: Where are they?

The lit purple candle roamed the hallways of the lab, looking left and right for someone. She started panicking, not knowing what could have happened to them. But she wanted to break them out of this hell.

Her fire lit up furiously and burnt the walls that she past by, she felt like she was on fire. Her anger overwhelms her but she didn't plan throw tantrum and die in a messed up lab because of her selfish needs. She would describe that she feels like she was in hell.

Candle check room and room, each one being more emptier than the other. If that even makes sense at all. She started losing hope of finding them and feared the worst. If Paintbrush was nowhere to be found, there could be countless things that could have happened, they could have been executed, they might have escaped, they might be killing many people, they might be still alive but suffering, who knows?!

She quickened her pace, stress and fear aching her body, she starts shouting out their name.

Candle: Paintbrush..! Where are you..?

She started fucking cramping, this sucks, being nice and not being respected, how ungrateful of them. Fuck, they even sabotaged her and caused her to be eliminated, and she tried showing them how to be respectful, yet they didn't respect or care about her.

Candle almost couldn't hold her anger, and her fire furiously crackled and burned her wick. She started breathing slowly and started searching for Paintbrush again, but her flame never calmed down.

She heard noises coming from one room, the one all the way to the end; barricaded, locked and eradicated almost completely, there were burnt marks and several large scratches on the door, out of curiosity, she went to the door at the end.

The door looked almost abandoned for years, it must have felt bad to be

forgotten for all eternity, until the one that was meant for them comes to their door, forever forgotten sounded familiar, she thought her mother almost named her Teriyaki after her mother's favourite meal, chicken with rice, it was only loved when it was cooked at home, outside food didn't tasted good for her. So she picked up the skills to learn how to cook, it was pretty simple at that time, until they added chemicals and harmful substances in the chicken they bought, her mother soon got sick afterwards. And...

...

She attempted to open the door, tried sliding and pulling it, and pushing it. Despite her efforts, the door remained shut. She figured that she needed a crowbar, where would she'd be able to get that kind of stuff? She wondered, circling around in front of the door, there were many signs on the door.

"STAY AWAY"
"DO NOT TOUCH"
"BY THY GOD MAY YOU PERISH"
"YOU CAN'T SAVE YOURSELF"
"FORGETTING YOUR PROBLEMS DOES NOT HELP"
"HEED MY WARNING"
"DO NOT ENTER"
"YOUR FATE HAS BEEM SEALED"
"DEATH IS YOUR ONLY OPTION"
"FUCK OFF"
"THE DEVIL AWAITS YOU"
"BE OPPOSED BY THE GODS AND SUFFER ETERNAL SATANITY"

Was that even a word? Candle questioned in her head.

Her flames kept growing like her god damn problems.

Fuck it.

CRASH!!*

..

Candle: Huff.. Hu-

What..?

P-Paintbrush?

What happended to you?!

Are you alive?!

PAINTBRUSH! WAKE UP!-

PLEASE-

.
.
.

Where..am I?

They woke up surrounded by blue, they see nothing but the abyss when they look ahead. The temperature was freezing cold, there was no source of air anywhere, so how are they breathing? In fact, are they even breathing? They quickly check the place where one's nose is supposed to be, they didn't feel anything there. They started freaking out, are they dead? They check their pulse but felt nothing, no response.

Where are they? They waved their arms violently and started moving around the area. The place was massive, is this where they will be for eternity..? A place where they would never see another someone? Alone forever..?

Paintbrush felt they were gonna cry in sadness, but no tears could escape their eyes. They felt like they were floating, are they in a river? Because they can hear something OR someone talking above them.

`Yeah, just place that there...`

They heard a male voice speaking, wonder what they are talking about. Paintbrush tried swimming up but was unable to for some odd reason, it was as if something was pulling them down.

They looked down and saw a chain around their leg, when did they get there? They tried pulling it, despite their efforts, they made no progress of trying to get out of here. Suddenly, something pulled them up.

What the fuck? What the hell are you?!

God dammit, I thought I caught a fish. But NO! I have to catch a fucking piece of wood here! What else could go wrong?!

What? The person was seriously angry and did not approve of the sudden encounter with Paintbrush. But the comments of this person angered them and they wanted to fight them.

Paintbrush: You want to *fight* me bitch?!

You talk? Ah! Of course you talk! Now tell me what the heck are you?!

Paintbrush: I'm a paintbrush, idiot! And I'm not just a piece of wood!

Ah, rowdy aren't you? Well, doesn't matter if you are a paintbrush or just plain wood, what matters is I'm gonna starve if I can't find anything to eat.

Paintbrush: So what? That's not my problem!

You're wrong there, if I can't find anything to eat. I'll eat your liver.

Paintbrush: What?!

SHING!!*

AHH!! LET ME GO!!

You'll die now, any last words?

...

That's what I thought.

PAINTBRUSH!!

Huh?!

Oh my goodness! You're alive!

What the fuck happened?! The purple candle hugged them tightly as she sobbed in tears. Who is this woman again? Oh wait, oh fuck, who were they kidding? Of course it's Candle, they just forgot about her like that?! That's terrible!

Candle: C-come on, we need to get out of here!

Paintbrush: W-what?!

Candle: Follow me!

The purple candle grabbed their wrist and pulled them out of the room while finding an exit, Paintbrush was still blurred and could not focus on what's happening, they could only hear multiple footsteps and they tried to have their vision focused, but failed anyway.

But there was no time to waste, they need to get out of here. And Candle would surely know the way. Right?

-

Log ***#14***

It has been a few months, I heard the news about monsters coming out of the darkness of an abandoned city that was thousands of miles far away from this laboratory so we should be able to continue with the testing. The problem is that, the subjects have escaped their containment and has caused some chaos in this place. But I'm not a scientist, I'm a foreigner from a different dimension if that makes sense, and I was the one who helped to break the subjects out. Why? Because I'm one of them. This is the final log you'll ever listen to again, because I doubt that anyone would be alive to listen to any of this but I have made this entry to any who listens to this tape, anyone that is somehow surviving, whether you are an object or a human, I have to tell you that. I am out there, somewhere.

-End of log-

Words: 1575
Next update:
Maybe two weeks later or something.

Chapter 27.5: Beijing Corn 💀 🌽 [not canon!!!!!!]

[A/N: Random things I would write in my free time when I don't want to write a serious story. It's a joke, please 😭]

Liam: Mm! This is some good corn. We should eat here again!

Waiter: Alright, no rush but your paycheck is here.

Looks at each other

Bryce: No it's fine, you paid last time. I'll pay the bill-

Liam: Haiyah, I brought you here, let me pay-

Bryce: *slams his credit card on the table*

Liam: [Oh my corn, that was incredible speed at .4 seconds- how did he do that? Gasp* it was in his hand the entire time?!]

Bryce: Hah, see if you can beat that-

Liam: *slams twelve credit cards on the table*

Bryce: [Oh jeez, twelve credit cards?! Is this guy trying to buy the table?]

Liam: What are you going to do-

Bryce: *Pulls out a stack of cash** Cash only, ha.

Liam: [He won me over a technicality-]

Bryce: *Pulls out car keys**

Liam: [Lamborghini?! I thought he could only afford a beeforgini??]

Liam: *slams keys on the table**

Bryce: [This guy is trying to sell his house for BEIJING CORN?!?!?]

Waiter: So have you both settled the bill?

Bryce: Yeah, ha ha *scans card**

Liam: [HE GOT ME WITH THE SAME TRICK TWICE?!?]

Bryce: Evil laughter*

Waiter: Oh wait, the bill has been paid 30 minutes ago by this gentleman (points to Liam)

Bryce: [He paid the bill half an hour ago?!? That's why he wanted to go to the bathroom-]

Bryce: Kylie, cancel my order.

Waiter: Yes boss.

Liam: [Boss?! What the-] (looks at the restaurant sign) [HE'S THE MANAGER?!?!?]

Bryce: hahaha.

Liam: (mischievous smile) Next time when you order Beijing Corn, the shipment fee will be free!

Bryce: Wait, Are you- (looks at can)

Bryce: Wow, You are the face of Beijing Corn?! (Stupid photo of Liam blurred out on the can)

Liam: Yeah yeah, I try to keep it low key, heh. (wink)

Bryce: Than you must know our company, the contribution of Beijing's farming community-

Liam: I AM YOUR FARMER!!

-

Next day:

Liam: Um, excuse me mister, I believe that there is hair in my food.

Waiter: I'm sorry, we'll remake this right now-

Liam: No, no it's fine. I want you to add more.

Waiter: I can see that you are angry, just let me-

Liam: No, I'm not angry, I'm hungry. I want, MORE hair, in my linguine.

Waiter: Sir I-

Liam: I said. I want. More hair..in my LINGUINE-

-

Liam: Bryce!! Why are you never in your room?!

Texty: Hi I'm Alexa.

Liam: Siri?!

Liam: (yells at lamp) Siri?!

Liam: (yells at the floor) Siri?!

Liam: (yells at the cover of a book) Siri?!

Liam: (opens it) Oh (shoves his face inside) Siri?!

Liam: (yells at the chair) Siri?!

Liam: (yells at toilet paper) Siri?!

Texty: I'm Alexa.

Liam: :0

Liam: Alexa, turn off the lights.

Lights turn off*

Liam: Alexa, do the laundry!

Liam: Alexa pay my bills!

Liam: Alexa! Tell the Beijing Embassy my boyfriend[Bryce] is a FAILURE!!

Texty: Text has been sent.

Liam: Alexa, why is Bryce such a failure? Why is he never in his room? What does he do in his free time??

Texty: Bryce spends 74% of his time on YouTube and Rule 34, would you like me to read his search history?

:0

Liam: Yes.

5 minutes later-

Bryce: Hey Liam, what are you doing in my room??

Liam: I'm just hanging out with a new friend-

Texty: Barbecue sauce on anime b00bies

Bryce: D:

Texty: Sakura hot pictures

Bryce: Alexa stop. Okay now let's go.

Liam: Sakura really?

-

Literally the end,
Now stop reading >:(

I'm kicking you out, haha.

Chapter 28: Foggy Sight

It was just another day in the forest, not knowing where to go or what to do. The light of the sun shines over the waterfall, the trees provided protection against the sunlight.

A red fog had overwhelmed the forest overnight, the fog was thick and heavy. Almost could not breath. ***Almost****.*

The fog has caused the suffocation of some animals that lived in the woods and their dead bodies start limping around with wire like lines coming out of them.

Liam went out for searching, Airy had to keep guard of their 'home' while also trying to see through the red fog. His wings were closed shut and he started shaking slightly in fear, because he knew that ***something*** *was in the darkness.*

Just than, he heard an ear-piercing screech, he flinched and looked around fearfully. Not knowing what to expect. He suspected an object of some sorts but couldn't make out the figure that was moving in the forest. He panicked slightly, sensing that the backpack was in great danger.

Airy held his breath and covered his eyes with his hand, terrified by the heavy breathing of something behind him. The figure dragged its heavy body pass Airy, he was too terrified to scream. It seemed to be a squirrel, with multiple hand like wires coming out of its back and gouged out eyes that hung out of its sockets, it clicked its tongue while it's 'hands' carried its body like a spider. Suddenly, between a second it turned to Airy, it's gouged out eyes rotated towards him. There was an eerie silence in the air, but before half a moment could go by, the creature screeched and raised its arm to make the first move.

He quickly ran out of the way and the wire like arms had caused large, deep scratches onto the bark of the tree. It turned to Airy and ran towards him at lightning speed, as much as Airy would like to admit, he kind of

liked spiders when he was isolated, they were like his only friend and he would always let them crawl inside of his glass head knowing that they would never bite unless threatened, but now seeing at another angle, he can understand the fear others face when a creature like ***this*** *comes to reality.*

The creature roared and quickly dragged its limping body towards him, he starts running for his life, faster than ever, he didn't wanted to die like this, not after everything that has happened. Airy glided through the forest with his wings and brought himself to the other side of camp, a river separating the two lands.

It started using its arms to carry the body and brought itself to where Airy stood. He started running again, fearing a fate worse than ever, death. He was eventually cornered and had no choice but to fight, he unsheathed his claws and sprinted himself towards a he creature, pinning it down and clawed the thing's skin and arms. It let out a spine-chilling scream. Attempting to fight back. Only to be dragged to the river and shoved downstream, Airy had to kick the thing down the river and ensured that it could not swim up and come back again.

He collapsed to the ground in aching pain, not sure what had just happened. Airy crawled himself back to the camp, stumbling onto his bush bed and gazing at the files under it. He took them out and placed it on his 'head', fanning the heavy fog away from his eyes,it burned like hell, making his eyes water and slightly more red. His 'head' ached intensely, like a rock was thrown to his fragile globe. After the incident, Airy would probably needed some rest, or at least he ***thought****. Suddenly, he felt that his eyes burned further, unable to hold back the pain, he screamed loudly while straining his voice. Covering his eyes entirely with his hands and clawing his glass 'head'. He felt the warm blood seeping out of his eyes, what was happening? Why is this happening to him?*

Airy soon went unconscious due to the overwhelming pain in his entire being.

The eyes on the walls become wider each day, now they bleed and become red, staring at the one upon them.

A blue labelled bottle sat in the middle, sobbing with its hands on its eyes. Seemed to be a water bottle of some sort.

Someone opens the door, dragging the water bottle out of the room aggressively. It did not even tried to struggle out of their grasp, seeming like they had given up all hope in the world.

Five hours later, its thrown back inside. Scars engraved on its limbs and body.

Sobbing quietly, all alone.

It's sobs turn to miserable cries, dragging its feeble body to a corner and leaning against the wall that was covered by a shadow.

It falls asleep as tears streamed down its face, mourning over the lost of someone.

Scratching its label and shuffling its wings that were weighted down by heavy metal chains.

The eyes close and cry.

Liam: Airy, wake up.

The backpack lightly kicks his body and shook him, Airy got up in a cold sweat. Just having a nightmare about the world ending and that nothing mattered anymore. Liam tapped it lightly and noticed the tears on his face, he was kind of surprised by this. Of course it was just a dream, but it was definitely one that hurt. Helping a friend while bleeding heavily is not right, What could he do?

Liam: C'mere.

He gently placed Airy into his hands and gave him a small hug, patting and rubbing circles on his back. Not knowing how to react, Airy just buried his head into Liam's 'chest' and sobbed loudly. It was very unusual

of him to show his sadness like this, because deep down into his emotionless face was a broken soul.

Liam: There there, it's fine, you're fine, you can sleep if you want, just rest please..

Airy fell asleep on Liam's lap, slightly rubbing his face against his pouch and flicking his zipper. Liam let out a small laugh, petting Airy's back gently and smiling. Eventually, the two fell asleep while snuggling each other for warmth.

It was quiet.

...

1094 words
Next update: 17 August 2023
[A/N: Just so you know, I don't ship Liam and Airy, in fact, I don't really ship anyone, I just did it because I felt like so, it's the thought that counts.]

Chapter 29: Boredom

[A/N: okay I flipped up my schedule, sorry about that because I had schoolwork and stuffs to do.]

It was another painful day in the room, no entertainment meant eternal boredom. Ugh, it sucked. Bryce would know, his life stuck in a room with strangers is absolute shit. Not like he has social anxiety or anything, it's just they all look like idiots.

They all chatted endlessly and that one on the corner..

...

He's alone, maybe he should talk to them? A lantern sat in the corner of the room, fiddling with something in their hands, Bryce went over for a closer look. Curiosity took over. He walked to the front of the copper lantern and bent down, the copper lantern looked a little surprised and quickly turned away from him. Bryce sat beside it and tugged it's handle, the copper lantern slightly yelped and immediately turned over with this death stare at him, Bryce just squinted at it back.

After little to twenty seconds past by, the lantern pushed his face away and shoved him on the ground with on hand, the other still holding a metal box. Bryce didn't make a sound and stood up quickly, before grabbing the lantern by its handle and dragging it with him, the copper lantern fell limp, with a traumatized look on its face, it squirmed around while still holding onto the grey box. It started talking to Bryce.

???: Can..you let me..go...?

Bryce: No :)

He said with a mischievous grin on his face, he soon dropped the lantern and pinned it on the floor. It let out a small yelp and started trying to push him off, it was surprisingly strong but Bryce was able to hold it off, he

didn't know what came over him, but a wave of eagerness and aggression. He hugged the lantern tightly with a smile on his face. The copper lantern was extremely confused but was too scared to move. Bryce started scratching the back off it's globe and rubbing his head against the lantern's 'chest'. It was taken aback by this and quickly tried pushing him away, a scared yet monotonous expression on its face.

Bryce hugged him more tighter, rubbing its back forcefully. The lantern started lightly shaking, it was too sensitive for this. The lantern kept asking him if he could let it go, but Bryce always replied with the same words 'I'm bored, just let me do this..'. The lantern felt extremely uncomfortable like this, its struggles were futile and it eventually gave up. Bryce smiled even wider and bit the lantern on its arm before leaving it there. The copper lantern just limped on the floor and laid there motionlessly, it's eyes slightly widened. It's body was slightly crushed due to the result of Bryce using great force on it but the lantern seemed mostly fine physically, mentally? Not really.

Bryce sat beside a green backpack, still smiling a little. The backpack just looked at him with no emotion, slightly confused about his expression, but never said anything. He looked at it and pulled it closer towards him. Not saying a word. The backpack tried pushing away but Bryce grabbed its handle and it didn't move. The backpack looked worried, even a little scared. Bryce just held it there.

Bryce: Don't worry Backpack-y!

He said while pulling it up in the air with its handle, Bryce laid the backpack in front of him and hugged him from behind like a young child would do if they were in the bus. The backpack kicked its legs miserably, trying to get out of Bryce's hands but was too scared to. This sudden fear had taken over the backpack's emotions and just sat there nervously.

???: Hey! Let me go..! AH!!

Bryce bit its handle, the backpack instantly stopped moving and went limp again. He patted its head and hugged it tightly. The backpack continues to scream in pain. Bryce quickly covered its mouth and pulled it closer to him, petting its pouch roughly. It started to groan slightly, pushing Bryce's hands away and lying down on him, it had lost its control of limbs so might as well right? No, it was a grave mistake. Bryce punched it in the

back with great force, still keeping the same expression on his face. It screams loudly. He grabbed the backpack by both of its wrists and placed it on his lap, and pulling its hands around himself.

Looks like Bryce went insane, but positively. At least he didn't kill anyone this time. Unlike last month. It's good to see that he has been ₣ÏЖЄd after what felt like years in the white room, isolated from reality. It's been a while..since the first attempt, but maybe getting that eye sample from the original owner was not useless after all.

If this goes wrong again, they could just ÇlѲЙ,Є them again. Otherwise, they have failed everything and the world may even end just because of this. They were still cleaning up the lab after the recent outbreak of their subjects, which completely ЯÏ₱₱Єd everything apart.

Maybe this is normal, not sure. Staying in a lab that is never clean might be getting on her nerves, she was still trying to figure out a plan. As she had failed before, she learned that immobility was death when it came to testing.

Speaker: Subject 38.5, go to the testing grounds immediately, you may follow our staff, thank you.

She spoke into the microphone, before turning it off. At least, everything would go back to normal, just like last time, right? She was not sure about it, maybe it was just her. The backpack had to go, but Bryce kept it from doing so.

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Airy: S-stop...

Liam: Come on, just a little longer..

Airy: P-please..I'm so tired...

Liam: Almost...

Airy: Ouch!

He pulls out a leech on his wing, small amounts of blood leaked out of the wound. Airy just collapses on the soft ground, he seemed to be in pain. Liam just kills the leech and throws it aside. Because the other day, they were searching for food and the forest was incredible dark and muddy, so leeches got onto Airy and sucked blood out of him progressively the whole day, including today.

Liam: Does it feel better..?

Airy: ...yes..*sighs*

Liam: What's wrong?

Airy: Do you think we can continue to live like this? In..po-pof-poverty?

Liam: ..maybe..not. We will find another place after this, starting from tomorrow.

Airy: Okay...

Airy rests his head on the bush and huddles it to him like a pillow, Liam just leaves him and sits on his own bush. He grabs some leaves and places it on his head, kind of like a bandit. Liam lays on the bush and looks at the stars, what do they mean?

-

Next day...

Airy: What do you mean? Like, why can we just..fly..?

Liam: I said we can't fly because they're probably going to try to catch us. I don't think you want to be locked up again.

Airy: Makes sense.

Liam: Exactly, that's why we're walking.

Airy: Okay..want to chat?

Liam: ..sure.

It was a bright, annoying morning. The birds tried picking on their food and Liam had to kill them and eat them, very traumatising scene for Airy to witness. It was loud, and Liam was kind of sick, not sick that you are mad and tired of it, it's sick in the sense that he had a small fever and may have gotten a disease.

Airy: Don't you think you should've stayed at the place for a little longer before we left? You look deadly tired.

Liam: Nope, I'm fine..

The sun stares at the world with a powerful gaze, the light blinds the land and sea. No one was safe from its sight. It was like summer at 39 degrees celcius in a sunny afternoon. Walking through the woods was an absolute burning nightmare, it felt like the place was on fire and the grass was ridiculously dry and hot, it was like placing a foot on a trail of nails. It sucks, it was as dry as the desert, how do trees even survive this heat? Airy found it ironic that Liam was forest green and they were walking through a forest, but he was sure that Liam won't laugh at the terrible joke, he'll probably just GЏДЯЄ at him menacingly.

Liam wiped the sweat off his face as they continued their way to a place far far away. Where no one can ever find them. Was everything supposed to turn out this horrible? Maybe, or maybe not. No one knows. Airy looked around, slightly smiling as he hums peacefully a small tune. Liam didn't cared at all about it, he just wanted to find shelter. On the way, Airy kept reading some files and learned more about subjects gradually. He felt a bit smarter and better about himself and cleared away all the negative thoughts, they may come back later but he felt like he should enjoy the moment while he could.

After a long walk for what seemed like forever, they have reached some random hut. It looks abandoned and a little rusty but it looked habitable, kind of hospitable. They went inside and saw a problem the moment they opened the door.

Water. The hut was basically flooded with water, everything was drenched and several dead leaves floated above the muddy surface. And it reeked. Smelled a lot like rotten fish. Liam just coughed and waved the smell out

of the way like to would help, he looked like he smelled something bad. No, absolutely disgusting.

Airy just looked sad and miserable.

Airy: What are we going to do..?

- -

Words: 1642
Next update:
4 September 2023

Chapter 30: Cries And Tears

Cw(s):
-Heavy Gore
-Sexual assault(?)

Another day went by, how did they even get here anyways? Weird. They don't have a home, a family or anything. Only each other. So how did they get in a lab hm the first place? It just seemed like a blank in their heads. And it was absolutely frustrating for Balloon, he felt like his insides would just pop. Kind of weird to be honest.

Balloon was minding his business at the corner of the room, just aimlessly staring at the wall with no idea what to do. No life could be seen in his eyes. Nothing. Like they had no life in them. Just a bag of flesh. Nothing they can do, nothing that's theirs, almost no emotion can be seen through their face. And their colours were more faded than the original. They seem more obedient and less complaining. A new version of what was supposed to become.

The backpack was nowhere to be seen, it had left earlier. The soda bottle was also gone, he was again, placed in a white room. Laughing manically. He was so happy for no reason. But he seemed so emotionless still, no life, no soul. Because without a soul, it was not truly alive. But no one would place a human inside an object, unless they were willing to.

Until today, a person had volunteered to have their soul transferred into the object. What was the object? A water bottle with a blue label and a off-white cap, looked kind of like the soda bottle in the white room, just slimmer. At first, the water bottle was confused, finally life was breathed into them. The water bottle had completely lost memory of the original owner's soul. And has, instead, gained its own.

She was brought into the same white room with the red soda bottle. The water bottle was confused at first, seconds later, it tears up and runs into the soda bottle and hugged it warmly. The water bottle was then named

Stella based on the original owner's name: Stella Raven. A woman in her 20s who had given up on life because of sexual abuse from a man, who touched her inappropriately in an alleyway on the way home at night.

The man was never identified as he was murdered by an object that was in the subway to Stevens. The object was described as a subway seat with scribble patterns on it in multiple colours, it grew a pair of arms and suffocated the man to death. It had no facial features, just arms. After that incident, the people in the subway ran away the next stop. The police even got involved with the incident, eventually they closed the case by saying it was suicide as there was no evidence since the part of the train where the incident happened had their camera broken. They could only get witnesses. The subway seat was never removed after the manager paid the lawsuits as they needed to save money and will remove it once they had enough money to get a new one. However, the subway seat had disappeared a week after the incident.

Stella just hugged the soda bottle and kept repeating the words 'I'm sorry' several times. Afterwards, the soda bottle suddenly starts laughing loudly, not even saying a thing about it.

Soda Bottle: ..hehe ..... hahahaha... ***HAHAHAHAHAHAHA..!***

Stella just hugged it and cried silently for a few minutes and fell asleep while still crying. The soda bottle just kept laughing manically. It hugged her tightly and pulled her closer, while whispering something in her 'ear'.

Soda Bottle: Look here you little shit, if you do this again, I'll slit your fucking throat. Hahaha.. hehe.. ***HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!***

The water bottle slowly backed off, and moved away. Still crying. The rest of the day, it curled itself into a ball and stared at the floor. A week later, Stella had mysteriously grew wings, her wings were abnormally colourful, abstract and vivid. She is capable of communication and speech, unlike the other objects who just obediently listen and follow without a word. She seemed different, and stubborn. Her refusal to listen or care what the scientists say was confirmed as a big problem.

So what did they did? Harshly experiment on her. Stabbing several spears into her body as punishment. It was supposed to destroy her determination of trying to escape and make her more obedient. Despite all of this, she

just couldn't follow through. She was eventually electrocuted as another harsh punishment and managed to somehow survive. Before they could do anything else, she became incredibly aggressive and snapped the necks of a group of scientists, tearing each of them apart into nothing but ғ৷ƈSӇ. However, she was unable to escape containment and was left alone in the white room with the soda bottle. It was no surprise that she had a connection with the soda bottle, so whenever she wouldn't listen, they would threaten the soda bottle. And of course, she had no choice.

.

CRACK!!

.

She crushed the person's head brutally, before crushing the person's skull with her arm and tore apart his chest in rage. The soda bottle started laughing again, before its laughs turned into silent sobs and then loud cries.

The scientist were shocked by her actions and quickly armed their weapons. But that didn't stop her. The battle ended in a blood bath, she survived but was electrocuted by the only scientist that was hidden under the table nearby. She immediately collapsed to the floor in pain and was dragged back to the white room with the soda bottle.

The two hugged each other for warmth and comfort.

.

Soda Bottle: Hey sis..?

Stella: Yes?

Soda Bottle: What's going to happen to you..?

Stella: I promise nothing bad will happen..go to sleep Bryce, sister needs some rest...

Soda Bottle: ..okay..

-

You are in danger.

Remain calm and take a deep breath and step forward, do not look up. Immobility is death.

Keep moving forward cautiously until you see a cave and a fountain, you will find me soon.

The book said.

Gelatin and the rest were surprised at the last sentence but kept their excitement in silence. They followed the book's instructions and headed forward, no one looked up, until..

Flower was curious on why the book explicitly stated not to look up, was there a bug? It's just the sky, only birds will be up there right? So why should she not look up. Plus, she thinks that this is all ғдкє. She decided to look up, and...

Holy frick.

A flying red paper like creature was above, it was covered and stained in blood and looked like a bug, its eyeballs were hanging out and moving out of its sockets. It was right above them. Flower was too scared to scream.

- -

1152 words
Next update:
5 September 2023

Also here's a doodle:

Chapter 31: Came Back From The Dead

Leafy was sitting in the middle of the grey room and playing with her thumbs while looking at the floor. TD was also sitting with her with a blank expression. There was no sun, no moon, only the fluorescent lights occasionally flicking. It was kind of sad, what is life like when you go outside? No one knows, the people forbid them to go.

The metal door opens suddenly and a green backpack with a dark force taking over it. Half of it was as black as the darkness, it was moving slightly and it eventually stood up and looked confused. No words could get out of his mouth. Leafy looked at him and just, stared at him. On the other hand, TD did not notice the presence of the backpack and simply ignored it. It's been a few months, TD and Leafy had adapted to the changes and grown onto it like a disease. It was quite recent that they had just begun to exist in the reality of the world and they were already adapting and forgetting how they even had a life before this. It may be the drugs that the people gave them or just being driven insane and eventually not caring anymore if life mattered or not. The backpack was angered and confused, it eventually just sat in the room.

The other day, someone new came. It was a black and white boy, he apparently claimed that there was two people inside the same person just different in someway. Yin and Yang were their names. Yin was the kind and nice one and Yang was the chaotic and rude other. Yang was the first one to always get in fights, he had sharp teeth and an iron fist, he would scare the living hell out of someone and bite them aggressively. Yin always has to deal with him like a burden, and it became their daily routine. Yang would cause disaster and Yin would have to argue with him out of it, the argument can last up to an hour if the two get increasingly aggressive and frustrated and eventually just leaves them with no winner, lose-lose. It was kind of funny that Yin was the nice one and Yang was the rude one, from what others had seen, Yin was supposed to be the mean

one, and Yang was supposed to be the kindhearted one. But apparently that was a lie, it's either that or they accidentally painted each other in the wrong colours.

There was this cluster of glowing translucent triangles in many abstract colours. Leafy just stares at the bracelet at her wrist for a moment with a blank face. TD stares at the triangles. The cluster of triangles start changing while making weird noises, the triangles start reconstructing into something else and changing colours repeatedly into shades of green. Everyone looked at it in confusion and shock. Eventually, the triangles align as they turn into a light green, forming into a leaf like shape. It had also grown what is supposed to be limbs but are just clusters of triangles.

Leafy(???): ħ! ꟼʏ �especially ǎᑎę !š ʃę̌ǎf́ʏ! 𝒥 ç૭ŋʂ⊥яυç⊥ĭ̋ṽɛʟ¥ ç૨ŕ⊥ĭ́ḉĭ́zę ɛṽɛя ¥૭ŋя ♭@ʂɛ∂ ૭ŋ ⊥нɛЇя ℘ɛrʂơŋąlıły ᵬɛϛ℞ɐʂɛ ι ₥ ιŋɛχρℓιɛαʙℓєy ωєιяძ, **i also kill people for a living**. I was ʂɣƤƤ●ʂɛ¢ Ƈ● ᵬɛ ♭ε ∂ε@∂ 丹 下モ山 山モモK ち 丹ム卩 乃凵匕 乃モ匚丹凵ち刀 口下 ち乙爪モ ち匕凵卩工刀 卩モ口卩ノモ 丹尺モ 廿口ノ刀工れム 爪モ 乃丹匚K. 下 凵匚K 丹ノノ 卩下 匕廿尺爪. 工 亅丹匕モ 乃モ工れム 丹ノ工Vモ. ノ モ匕 爪モ 山工匕廿刀尺丹山. 匕モ丹匚廿モ尺.

Leafy: What the heck..?!

Blocky: I don't..feel so good..*vomits*

Silver Spoon: Ew ew! Get away from me you filthy peasant!

Paintbrush: This is stupid.

Balloon: Hey that's kind of rude!-

Yang: Nobody cares!

Yin: Yang! Stop being so mean! Remember what Candle talked about?

Yang: Shut up! Mwhahahaha!!

Paintbrush: What the heck is happening?!

Fanny: I hate this!!

Lightning: No one cares..!!

Remote: Everyone please, we do not need anymore problems on our very long and sad list of issues and problems.

She says monotonously and rolls out a long list of problems from all the objects and it was like a house long.

Paintbrush: How the hell were you able to have the time to do that without anyone noticing?!?

Remote: I forgot.

Airy: What..?

Everyone: NOBODY CARES YOU OLD MAN!!!

Airy: :(

Airy whimpers softly and hides himself in the shadow of the corner of the room. He had forgotten about something that was the most precious to him which was incredibly inconvenient, who likes it when they forget something? No one, unless they are teenagers dressed up as giant toddlers and playing games at night while eating pizza who are ungrateful brats with PS5s and that was oddly specific why was Airy thinking of this? He doesn't even know what a PS5 is, or what a toddler is, or pizza, or games, or the word ungrateful, whatever. Apparently, everyone hates him because of his lack of personality and interest, he was generally not an interesting character to speak to, he was just some guy, and assuming from how he looked, he was considered the oldest, and the least mature at the same time, made no sense at all but who cares?

Airy was just some guy, and that never changed. Since from the beginning, he had been constantly ignored by because of how detached he was, he was emotionless, he was just a bag of meat and black oil and a baggage of regret on his shoulders. He was basically useless in any situation, whenever there was an issue or problem, he just watches, he does not have any interest in helping or even communicating. So from the start, he was always a loner. No one likes him, and he'd rather keep it that way. Obviously, he does not seem like the person of communicate, so he definitely is socially distant, he hates company, and weird children. Why

does he keep thinking of these weird scenarios? Last time, he imagined a dog eating a cat, and the other was about the fabric of space of time which he definitely does not have any idea what it is. These thoughts kind of just pop out like ideas, so he can never predict what he was going to think of randomly, he always had a strange mind since he was just a small kid, and it seemed that it had stayed with him since then, old habits never die sometimes.

Also, this cluster of triangles was caught by the scientists and brought in, it is unknown why they would classify it as an object, it didn't seem like a matter, it was untouchable because whenever someone would try to touch it, the cluster of triangles would either move away or break into pieces when the person comes in contact. It was unable to communicate, only through by imitating other objects by transforming into them as accurately as possible. However, most of the times the appearance of the object that the cluster of triangles would represent does not look like the person at all, sometimes there would be some off colours or difference in size and personality said. Unless, they meant something else that would have been said otherwise. This cluster of triangles was named 'Abstracty' by Airy when he got distracted by its bright colours, no one disagreed with the name but no one praised him for it. No one cares about Airy anyways. And they never will.

Leafy gets extremely stressed out and punches the thing by accident, causing the cluster of triangles to collapse and break, the triangles were disoriented now, all the colours out of place and everything. However, Abstracty did not seemed to show any sign of care. Leafy just stares at it in sympathy and quickly pulls away along with a thousand of apologies. The cluster of triangles did not respond and eventually went back to its original and colourful appearance. It floats around and explores the room it was isolated in. TD stares at it in interest and intent and waves her arms in the air frantically to attract its attention, her efforts were in vain afterwards.

Eventually, everyone went back to their daily schedule, they would have a few scratches on the wall to track day and time, and play random games, like a Rubix Cube, the highest score was thirty minutes because Yin Yang broke it and raged quit. Now there was a bunch of broken colourful pieces in the corner. Another was a bunch of rocks, it works like the game 'Five stones' except that it's rocks and they feel very painful to hold when you

try catching one, so the game was abandoned. Those were the only games someone could play in this sad and boring room.

Leafy

1577 words
Next update:
9 October 2023 (sorry for the very delayed chapter/ inconvenience. But hooray, it's the school holidays where I can finally say goodbye to homework, hopefully I can work on this story a bit more than before.)

Chapter 32: StoryTime

-Gore/Consumption of organs

"It was a Sunday morning, and the sun was completely burning into the earth like there was no tomorrow. Fealy and Blocky sat under a tree that was literally on fire, the scorching Sun was never this bad before, what happened?

The news claimed that a group of people died due to heat stroke because of the heat, was it really that bad? Blocky thought as he looks at the tree that was disintegrating into burning ash. Maybe it is. He thought in his head, he looked at Fealy and then looked away before turning his head to them in shock. It turned out, the tree was on fire because half of Fealy IS made of fire, that explained it.

Blocky: Hey, I think you caused the tree to set aflame.

Fealy: I did not!

Blocky: You did!

Fealy: Not!

Fealy bellowed. The two start arguing and it escalated to aggressive fighting, Fealy would punch right in Blocky's face and Blocky would kick Fealy's stomach so hard it felt like organs were shooting out from them, in exaggeration. The fire on Fealy crackled louder as their blood began to boil under their skin. Eventually, they both stopped their fight and worked out their differences and just ignored each other for a moment. Blocky was absolutely angered and upset of Fealy's unacceptable behavior towards people, they would act angry, furious and mad, Fealy would beat up the person and leave them bleeding on the floor miserably, which in Blocky's opinion, sounded like a agonizing medieval torture device. Fealy would just make a lot of terrible excuses to why they would beat people up, and all Blocky could do was just forgive them and let them do

whatever they desired or wanted, if he did not, Fealy would rage and cause chaos in the forest while everyone else was just trying to find those incredibly insane scientists that messed up the living objects.

Fealy just grumbled angrily and made weird noises with their mouth closed and crossed their arms in disgust of Blocky for some reason. Despite them seeming like close friends, they were more of frenemies than what most thought, much to everyone's surprise and disappointment. Blocky faces Fealy and sticks his tongue out mockingly, Fealy looks at Blocky in even more disgust and blows raspberry at him, eventually they both started fighting like children by slapping their hands against the others harshly-"

Fealy: Okay, stop.

Basketball: What's wrong?

Grassy: I'm Grassy!

Blocky: No one cares Grassy.

Grassy: D:

Basketball: Hey that's rude! Don't say that!

Blocky: Whatever.

He crosses his arms and looks away in anger.

Fealy: The story sucks d*ck.

Basketball: Hey! That's not cool. Don't say that in front of Grassy!

Fealy: What are you going to do about it you fat *ss black-striped orange?

*Basketball is incredibly shocked at their mean swears and Grassy just looked traumatized. Fealy looks like they were about to kill someone in cold blood. Blocky looked frustrated, the story was literally dog sh*t. Fealy snatches the book from Basketball and threw it out of the window of the hut, Grassy tries grabbing it but his short and stubby arms could not reach fur enough to the book falling out of the window. The book fell and*

hit someone who was Flower talking to Gelatin mindlessly about his steakhouse. Flower yelps and falls on the floor. Gelatin was unfazed and confused, just looking at the damaged flower on the dirty floor. Gelatin just walks away without a word. Flower slowly gets up and groans in immense pain and looks at the heavy book, their wasn't any severe damage on her but it hurt like hell.

-

Liam: ..hey, where am I..?

Liam suddenly appeared in a black space, there were no walls, no roof, only a abyssal floor that was ice cold. It was dead silent. Liam was confused, his mind spinning in confusion and his eyes flashing from the boring shades of greys to a the darkness of a place. The only thing that was heard was water, dripping down from the never ending roof. Liam stepped forward, the water around his foot splashes and particles appeared, flying around in white colours before crashing into the cold floor, self destructing into smaller particles until it faded into thin air. Liam just stared at it and continued walking, watching his every step, he could not breathe but he was unfazed, he could not see but he did not care, he couldn't speak. However, it did not matter to him. There was someone there, a purple lit candle that was about his height. Liam approached the candle slowly as the particles around him danced.

Liam: Hello, who are you..?

He ask, trying to remain a calm tone but he was actually scared since he also had social anxiety and he was not sure if the candle would harm him, the candle turns to Liam with a blank expression and said.

Candle: My name is Candle.

The candle said but she sounded more calmer than Liam and seemed more confident, she was sitting on the floor and mediating, Liam hoped that the candle would not complain about Liam disturbing her meditation session. The candle eventually offered Liam to mediate with her as she could see his discomfort and fright. Liam reluctantly sat beside her and smiled a bit for Candle being so nice to him, Candle made him cross his legs and close his eyes, in order to make sure he was not thinking anything else and only a blank mind, whenever Liam was distracted, Candle would tap her purple

crystal gently with a metal tong.

They both sat there for an indefinite amount of time, and slowly, everything started to ꪑꫀ⁅ᥴ...

-

Paintbrush seemed in panic as the backpack was suddenly nowhere to be seen, it dissipated into thin air?! It couldn't be! The backpack was just there five seconds ago and now he was gone, no traces of him were left. No one else seemed to notice, it was like he never existed in the first place, what the heck happened?!

Paintbrush yelled in their head. Silver Spoon was minding his own business when suddenly Candle, who was in front of him, disappeared into thin air at the same time as Liam. He did not notice at first until he opened his eyes and the purple candle was missing and gone from his sight. They were both left in shock, Paintbrush however did notice Candle disappearing. They went up to Silver Spoon and queried.

Paintbrush: Hey Silv! Where did Candle went?!

Silver: I do not know! She just vanished into thin air, this is not acceptable! She shall not leave me here alone!

The silver spoon raised his voice angrily, like the candle did something wrong. Paintbrush was a little confused at that last part but did not asked about it as they were more concerned with the sudden disappearances of their friends.

Paintbrush: Liam went missing too!

Silver: Who is Liam?

Paintbrush: You know? The green backpack with fifty diseases!

Silver: What? How horrendous!

Paintbrush: That's not what I meant to say-

Silver: This Liam is ridiculously very diseased! Bloody hell?!

Paintbrush: Wait, no I-

Silver: Make sure he stays thirty miles away from me!

Paintbrush: You are making this ten times harder to explain! I meant metaphorically!-

Silver: Save it! You have clearly wasted my time! You shall leave *peasant.*

Paintbrush: I-

Silver: I said: LEAVE!

Paintbrush: Okay okay! I'm sorry..!

The paintbrush, in distressed ran away before stopping, realising that they didn't knew where to go. Clover seemed nice though, maybe they should, talk to her for a bit.

Paintbrush strolled towards the unsuspecting Clover with an intention to scare her but then, the clover already knew about their arrival.

Clover: RAWR!

The clover raised her voice and roared at the paintbrush. The paintbrush was indeed frightened and flinched, getting goose bumps now, their hair stands up like electricity.

Paintbrush: Oh gosh..! You scared the living hell out of me Clove!

Clover: Sorry! I just like to do that sometimes.

The clover apologises and invites the paintbrush to sit beside her, Nickel, seeming ridiculously annoyed just ignored them, Balloon did nothing and looked a bit concerned for the nickel's anger and annoyance.

The paintbrush sat down and crossed their legs slowly, before squeezing in into their circle, they all looked at each other.

Clover: So who are you?

It was a long day.

-

"I don't think this is edible.."

The blue lantern mumbled, looking at a fish that was an abomination. It had spikes growing out of its back, ridiculously long and sharp teeth and red eyes and one of those eyes popped like a water balloon and causes the blue lantern to be covered in blood.

The lantern sighs and throws the fish on land, it flops and slaps its tail against the grassy floor while making unsettling gurgling noises. However, the lantern was not affected by the unsightly 'fish' if he could even call it that.

"I need to eat something.. Or I will starve.."

The lantern reminded to himself on his head.

"ꓧELLO."

A voice chimed in unexpectedly.

"Wha- who is there?!"

The lantern is startled by the sudden voice and pulls out his sword out of its sheath and waved it around, pointing at all directions repeatedly.

"ᗡOꓤ'T ꓦORRY, I'ᖴ TꓧE VOICE Iꓤ YOUR ꓧEᗡd."

The voice responded back. It sounded calm and monotonous. The lantern placed his sword back into its sheath carefully in order for his sword to not break suddenly.

"Who are you?"

The lantern questioned as he stared at the black sky filled with little stars.

"I'M TEXTY, YOUR CONSCIOUSNESS."

The voice responded again. Their voice was reasurring yet unsettling, the lantern was not quite sure how to feel about it. The night was silent.

The lantern wondered: "What kind of name is that?" He crosses his legs and stares into his own reflection in the stream.

Despite this, it was comforting to have company since th lantern had stayed in the forest for a long time, all alone. The lantern looked back up at the sky.

The lantern smiled.

And the voice smiled back.

-

"Creak..."

"Tap, tap, tap, tap."

A pink flower stepped into the room silently while holding her flashlight, she was scared and a green gelatin was right beside her, holding her arm because of how scared he was.

The two were exploring the shed, and the trapdoor revealed a lab like place. The floor was cold. The air was thick. The room was dead silent. The sky was dark. No one could expect anything from this.

"Tap, tap, tap, tap, tap."

They were halfway through the room, there was a metal door at the end, the flower shivered, her feet were cold, and so was the gelatin's. But they preserved and kept moving forward, each time they stepped forward, they could hear something behind the door, it was almost.. unsettling.

The darkness grew, the air became thicker, the silence was too much and the clouds were sad and began to cry. Water drops pattered on the floor outside, echoing throughout the room like a pin dropping on the metal

floor.

"Drip, drip, drip." Went the water droplets that hit the floor slowly.

"Tap. Tap. Tap. Tap."

The flower went up to the metal door, she was nervous, and the gelatin was too. She carefully opened the door and..

Oh god.

There was blood, everywhere.

"Crunch..crunch..crunch..."

Something was hanging upside down like a bat, it was even eating something, the smell was so fowl, it was almost too overwhelming for them. The creature's red eyes stared at the two, a corpse hanging from its mouth limply. It seemed to be chewing on its flesh, it was too dark and the flower was too scared to turn the lights on, it was like pitch black on there.

The two froze, a horrified expression on their faces. They were sick to their stomachs, the flower wants the puke and the gelatin wanted to scream, but the only stood there in painful silence. There was blood dripping on the floor slowly like the water droplets outside, the victim seemed to be a piece of moldy bread, the mold patches on it had not been eaten.

The creature was tearing the 'head' of the corpse open and scooping out its flesh and shoving it into its mouth, the sounds were disgusting, it was too much. The creature continued to open the skin of the corpse further and digging into the flesh for the organs. It sinks it's teeth further and eats hastily. Until, it was empty. The corpse was now only a husk, the creature ate its limbs, skin and organs, the only thing that remains are it's bare bones.

Lightening strikes suddenly with a loud 'boom', and the room went white for only half a second, and the next, the creature and the corpse was now gone.

The flower and gelatin felt immensely concerned and petrified, the book

still in the gelatin's hands drops as their mouths hung open, they wanted to scream in fear, louder than anyone, but nothing came out.

It was silent.

Too silent.

...

They kept moving forward cautiously.

-End of Chapter-

Chapter 33: Paintbrush?

The lantern was sleeping on a bush, its 'head' ached and it's stomach growled, he was famished but there was nothing necessarily safe to eat. It made him feel miserable and very weak.

"I'm tired and hungry."

The lantern mumbled to himself as he stared at the sky hopelessly.

"ᚻᛈᛦ, ᚻᛟᚹ ᚫᚱᛈ ᛃᛟᚢ?"

His consciousness quiried out of nowhere which cut through the silence. The lantern was a little startled by it.

"I'm not doing good. My stomach hurts, I'm starving."

The lantern replied in an emotionless tone.

"I ᑕᗩᑎ ᘜᕮT ᎽOU SOᗰᕮTᕼIᑎᘜ TO COᑎSUᗰᕮ."

The voice responded, which made the lantern's 'ears' perk up.

A few moments pass and eventually a flopping salmon appeared out of thin air.

"ᒪOOK! I ᘜOT TᕼIS ᖴOᖇ YOU TO COOK! :)

The voice sounded monotonous but the lantern could tell that it was happy.

"Thank you.. "

The lantern thanked the voice.

The lantern smiled.

And the voice smiled back.

-

It was late at night, Flower and Gelatin were searching for them. The scientists haven't figured out what had broken in, but they knew that what broke in was definitely not friendly. There were scratch marks on the wall, stained blood stretched across the floor, and it smelled like blood and mucus. The smell was so strong and unpleasant, it was thick and hard to breath. Flower couldn't really handle it and worried more as she thought of dying here, Gelatin on the other hand did not really cared and just continued smelling it like it was a delicious birthday cake, which was messed up.

The others, who were hanging out at the cabin entrance, decided to follow them in after a few minutes because of how bored they were. All of them went in except for Black Hole and Puff Ball because they weren't really that trustworthy and because if Black Hole went inside then that would be a massive problem.

They got into the main office after strolling through the boring off-white walls and floors. Scientists were there, and they beat the crap out of them immediately out of sheer anger. Gelatin bashed a snake pipe against a scientist's head.

Gelatin: DIE DIE DIE!! YOU WEIRD LOOKING MEAT BAGS WITH SKIN!!!

He yelled as he beat one of them with a wooden bat with nails stuck inside of the upper part of it. His face was full of rage, anger consumed him, and he did the not so Gelatin-thing, he carried everyone through the hoards of random people with white jackets and other science-y things, that's what Gelatin did.

Meanwhile, Candle was dragging Paintbrush out the room. Paintbrush was completely subconscious, they were drugged with something. There was a bracelet on their neck that had a blinking red, while also the words

'Subject 24' written in black permanent marker. As Candle was near a vent, a thought appeared in her head that made her worry. If she tries to get Paintbrush out the facility, the bracelet may activate and do something to them. From past experiences, she notice that several spikes would appear if it was on the wrist but what happens on the neck? It could be a completely different type of bracelet, she would have to remove the bracelets from Paintbrush without hurting them.

Candle unzipped her backpack and fished out a crowbar, she had to do this very carefully and quickly. If she goes too slow, the bracelets would activate and Paintbrush may be in grave danger. If she doesn't do it carefully, the bracelets would also activate as well. While Candle hesitated greatly, Paintbrush had woken up, they were completely subconscious and did not understand what was happening. Candle sees Paintbrush fluttering their eyes awake and warns them.

Candle: Paintbrush, I'm breaking you out of here, promise me that you won't move, I will get these bracelets off you but I need you to not move in order to take them off safely.

Paintbrush(???): My name is not Paintbrush..??

Candle seemed incredibly dumbfounded and did not understood what they meant. They did look like Paintbrush, just half of their body is silver in colour, and so is their bristles.

Candle: Then who are you?

Paintbrush(???): I think..Subject 24?

Candle: Forget it, your name is Paintbrush whether you like it or not, I will get you out of here either way.

Paintbrush(???): *[Sad face]*

Candle grips the crowbar tightly and focuses on the bracelets on Paintbrush, she lunges the crowbar at the wrist bracelet and very quickly and carefully, pulls it off and breaks it, the moment it breaks, it malfunctions and in a split second, the spikes protrude out of the inner part of the bracelet. Now all that Candle needed to do was to remove the neck bracelet. She didn't wanted to hit Paintbrush with the crowbar, in

order to avoid Paintbrush getting hurt, Candle moves slightly closer towards them and raises her crowbar back up.

Paintbrush, after seeing the bracelet malfunctioning, now had a short feeling of shock and horror, not expecting such a dangerous thing to be on them, especially on a vital part of their body, despite that they still kept a mostly emotionless face. Paintbrush starts worrying more, realising what Candle had been trying to do the entire time. They stand very still, leaning backwards slightly because of how tired they were. Candle swiftly swung the crowbar and pulled the bracelet off of Paintbrush's 'neck'. The bracelet falls to the floor and malfunctions before spikes protruded out of the inner part in half a second. Candle turned towards Paintbrush, who was completely unaware, leaning backwards while staring into space.

On the other hand, the others broke into the containment room and found all of the clones, unaware of them not being the original ones. They guided all of the clones(even Airy) out the lab in a single line. Everyone else in the lab was dead, except for that creepy thing that Flower and Gelatin found earlier. The group was able to find the exit and freed everyone(even Airy).

Gelatin: Oh thank god! We did it Flower! We beat them! We beat them all!!

The blob of green gelatin cheered happily while jumping up and down like a little kid, Flower smiled warmly and cheered along with him. However, all the clones were confused(even Airy), they just followed a group of people and now they are cheering? What does that mean? What did they won?

Airy just stood there, fifty feet away from all the others because he was hated completely by every single clone(even Airy himself), they forced him to stay at least fifty feet away from them, that's how bad it got. Airy did not really minded though, he liked the peace but still felt left out so what's the point? And why is his thoughts getting louder? Is he-

Nickel(clone): Why are you talking to yourself?

Airy gets startled because of the sudden voice of Nickel was heard, he flinched and looked down at the grey nickel glaring at him angrily.

Airy: Uh... it was an accident-

Nickel: Do me a favour and stop doing that, your voice is extremely annoying to hear. Oh wait, you won't listen to me, you are a ***freak.*** You never listen. I can't believe I even tried to talk to you.

Airy: But I-

Nickel: Save it, I don't want to hear your excuses, goodbye you ***burden to society.***

Just like that, Nickel walks away. Airy, now even more sadder than ever, just starts crying and his 'head' lowered. This was the first time he had ever cried since..a really long time.

"Am I really a freak? A burden to society?" He asked himself in his head. His tears patter on the grassy floor, he didn't knew how to deal with his feelings, it's been so long, too long, he had forgotten what it was like to cry like this, he never knew words can hurt so much, like a dagger impaled into his 'chest'. His heart only sank further. He was a very sensitive person, people probably think he is a cry baby because of this.

He wipes his tears away and moved on.

-End of chapter-

Chapter 34: Fake Out (The sad attempt of making a decent ending)

...

Airy: I'm tired.

Liam: Stop talking I'm trying to figure this out.

Airy: Figure what out?

Liam: I found this thingy on the floor, it says: BL.

Airy: What?

Liam: Never mind.

Airy: I'm hungry.

Liam: But you already ate just now, I'm sorry but I can't get you any other food, we need to conserve, everyone is dying and all the meat in the religion has spoiled already, all thanks to those creepy fish spider things...

Airy: ...

Liam: Airy, what are you doing?

Airy: ...

Liam: AIRY STOP!

CRACK!

Liam: ***AHHHHHH!!-***

...

It's the end now.

-

Candle: This is not it, Nickel, you are not serious.

Nickel(clone): Why should I be?

Candle: I need to check something, stay still.

...

Candle: You're not the real one...

Nickel(clone): What?! I'm real! I'm very real!

Candle: Your aura says otherwise.

Nickel(clone): Aura smollamar!

Candle: Where is the real one?

Paintbrush(clone): Candle, what's happening?

Paintbrush: Hi there!

Paintbrush(clone): ???

Candle: This is not right, all of you are clones, this isn't possible.

Clover(clone): Anything is possible! You just have to put your mind to it!

Candle: Everyone is fake?!

Gelatin: Fake?! That can't be good!

Flower: Did the real ones die already...?

Blocky(???): We are clones? This has to be a prank.

Leafy(???): I'm scared...

Clover(???): Candle you have to understand-

Candle: NO!! I can't live on knowing that all my friends are just copies and the real ones are dead!

Airy(???): [Sad face]

Candle: Stay back! All of you!

Balloon(???): Candle, calm down-

POP!!

...

Paintbrush(???): D-did you just... killed him...?

Clover(???): No no no no no... stop! Candle! Please!

CRACK!

Paintbrush: W-..why...?

SHATTER!!

Teardrop(???): ...

Leafy(???): WHY IS THE SKY RED!?

Candle: Huh, this really is the end.

Clover(???): You knew this was going to happen..?!

Candle: Yeah, and we are all going to die of the chemicals in the air.

Leafy(???): Chemicals?!

Candle: Sorry, but this is not goodbye, this is see you later.

THUD

-

Candle(???): Liam.

Liam(???): Yeah?

Candle(???): You know it's the end right?

Liam(???): Mhm.

Candle(???): Why aren't you doing anything about it?

Liam(???): It's pointless, no one will listen to me anyways.

Candle(???): Oh.

...

Candle(???): Did you think this was how you were going to die?

Liam(???): No, I thought I'd die like a normal person.

Candle(???): Same here.

...

Candle(???): I actually find something confusing.

Liam(???): What is it?

Candle(???): Well, this story, it's been showing different(some unrelated) perspectives but for some reason it keeps changing the plot like a complicated puzzle, it's like reality is warping.

Liam(???): Warping?

Candle(???): Yeah, maybe we missed something important.

...

Liam(???): I guess this is it.

Candle(???): Well, see you later Liam.

Liam(???): See you later too, Candle.

The void collapses.

The End

[Thank you for reading! I knew I would never be as good as writing as others but I appreciate most of the feedback I see, most of them are funny ones, even laughed at some of them. So thank you, for just being there. See you!]

(Also there is no book two, that was my long lasting April fools, hehe.)

So bye.